

IRELAND TO-DAY

SOCIAL • ECONOMIC • NATIONAL • CULTURAL

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NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

CAPTAIN J. F. LUCY, *soldier, occasional writer, traveller, big-game hunter. Military commentator for Radio Athlone for two years. Messrs. Faber and Faber will publish his war-reminiscences in the Spring.*

ERIC GILL, A.R.A., *whose book Work and Property has been the subject of an interesting controversy in the English Catholic press. His orthodoxy as an exponent of Catholic Social principles has been defended by Fr. Victor White, O.P., We review the book this month.*

G. F. DALTON, *student of the film, scenario writer and film critic; wrote for Cinema Quarterly (London) and for Motley; breaks new ground here in the economic field.*

CHARLES DONNELLY, *killed in action while fighting with the Spanish Government Forces on February 27th. His latest work is prophetically full of the realisation of the cruelty, the inhumanity and waste of modern warfare. Requiescat in Pace.*

DONAGH MACDONAGH, *his fellow-poet and friend, writes this tribute to his memory.*

SEAN O'FAOLAIN, *Novelist, biographer and critic, author of Midsummer Night's Madness, A Nest of Simple Folk, Bird Alone; Messrs. Nelson have recently issued his edition of Wolfe Tone's Autobiography.*

LADY BEATRIX DUNALLEY, *well-known for her active interest in social problems, writes here on one of great relevancy.*

MICHAEL MCLAVERTY, *of Belfast; another of his short stories will figure in Edward J. O'Brien's coming anthology "Best Short Stories of 1937."*

SORLEY B. CAROLAN, *is a new and welcome contributor whose treatment of this subject is unique and provocative.*

FEIDHLIMIDH O MAOLCRAOIBHE, *duine a raibh an biorán suain tré n-a cheann le fada an lá agus do tháinig arís ar an tsaoghal ar na mallaibh.*

The regular features are conducted by the Editors of the several sections :

Foreign Commentary	..	MICHAEL O'NEILL-KING.
Art	JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S.
Music	EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIR.
Theatre	SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA, B.A.
Film	LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE.
Books	EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.

EDITORIAL

ALTHOUGH the ballot-boxes containing the "expressed will" of the people of the Twenty-six Counties are not yet sealed, we are enabled by the very exclusive sources of information at our disposal to state that Mr. de Valera's Government has been returned to power by a slightly increased majority. The fate of the Constitution had been harder to predict, yet again we can announce that the wizardry of its sponsor, for all the alleged setting of his power, has managed to squeeze it through on the back of the party majority.

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Even the least intelligent of our readers will have guessed that, writing a week before polling day, we have indulged in fanciful, but we trust harmless, prophecy. It has not been an easy prophecy to make, because the day-to-day reactions of the electorate to the incidents which, crowding history, can be made to subserve quite unrelated party interests, are entirely unpredictable. A shooting or a jury verdict, the return of buccaneers, the addressing of a near-by political meeting during a Church service, an adverse statistical return—these and a hundred others are played upon, twisted, amplified, to suit the exigencies of the political conflict, and hopes are raised and dashed a thousand times in the affrightening hours between nomination day and polling day. But, on balance, there *are* some factors which, properly interpreted, give form and coherency to the somewhat nebulous political future of this country.

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One of these factors is the growing recognition being given to the republican nationalism that assumed concrete shape in 1916. There is much lip-service and very much hypocrisy. Tone would be amazed at the sordid daily conduct of many who profess to do him homage. The tricolour is a symbol that secures perfunctory and grudging recognition from many citizens. But behind it all there is the common realization that here is something that has come to stay, that has got to be recognised. There may be ignorance, there may be insincerity,

the people may be fooled, they may be fooling themselves—some of the time or all of the time, but at least it is all something on which to hang a prophecy.

Another factor is the overwhelming advantage possessed by the party in power. They actually control the purse-strings; they have just distributed some work and money; their promise to do *even more* if returned to power somehow rings truer than those cold-shouldered people who have been out of touch with power for a period of years. So perhaps our prophecy was not so daring after all. (What if we should have been wrong !)

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We hope that the party returned to power will be chastened and humbled by the thought that their victory but for a fortunate circumstance or two had been nearly touch-and-go. They have no cause for complacency. Their conduct has merited a thorough beating. Their achievements have been petty, their omissions enormous. The country is spiritually devitalized. On every important issue, there has been evasion and betrayal. Never has the name of politician been more sullied and the science of politics to which good citizenship should aspire been more cynically accepted as a "racket"—to be borne and paid for. There is an appalling arrears of work to be done in and for this country. If it is deferred and ignored much longer, there will be only decadence and collapse. Tinkering is only to adopt the attitude *Après moi, le déluge*. Tinkering, very gross and very inefficient, is all that we have had so far. What is wanted demands new *systems*. If the Government is too tired or too timid to *do* anything, they should do the honourable thing and yield their place to others.

●

These others need not be political opponents necessarily, but they should have the triple qualification: loyalty, integrity, efficiency. The day of hustings demagogues, hand-shakers and panderers to the mob (by which we mean the lowest instincts and elements in all of us) should be over and done with. Otherwise no decent element will ever be attracted to legislative service. Too long has a lip-adherence to the ideals of 1916 been made the sole qualification for office. The time must come soon, too, when legislatures will be elected on the basis of merit and not on specious and outmoded patriotic claims or vicarious heroism.

This is a time when this State is about to face its crisis. We will need to conserve our every resource, primarily our people themselves ; we will need to find work, housing, food and clothing for all—to redress the dreadful disbalance of our economy and our health, inflicted on us for not accepting conquest ; we will need to garner thriftily our exiguous brain-power ; we will need to direct and strengthen public opinion instead of making it speak falsely through a party microphone ; we will need to work with inspiration and ennoble the ideal of work ; we will need to throw ourselves across the stampede of a nation should moral decay set in ; in brief, we will need to *live* the Sermon on the Mount instead of subscribing to it on a Census form.

●

Training in administrative competence is woefully necessary. Under the present system the legislators, who may and should be those imbued with national ideals and a broad idea of a just social order, find themselves untrained in administration. They should be directing policy but they are ineffectual ciphers because the implementation of policy is always subordinate to its feasibility in practice, and the people to pronounce judgment on its practicability are the trained administrators. These are the higher civil servants, who by their training are machined into unimaginative reluctance to change, a lack of drive and initiative and a proneness to a safe conservatism. They make admirable servants, most obedient, humble, honest, sober and industrious, but utterly untrained as midwives and what we have advertised for is people to bring our State safely into the world.

FOREIGN COMMENTARY I

A BRIEF survey appears to reveal a very sorry world. At the same time it does not follow that widespread disaster is at hand, nor do conflicting ideologies of foreign origin mean that we in Ireland should be unduly influenced by them. For example, there is no earthly reason why we should favour either Communism or Fascism. Actually these mean very little to us, and nobody is compelled to decide between them, though some may derive information from the examination of both or either. They are not of our ethic, They arose from conditions that never obtained in this country, those conditions being defeatism and state worship.

They both result in savage persecutions and mass murder, and a terrifying curtailment of individual liberty—a carrot kept dangling but never consumed.

There is no reason therefore why we should be horned on the dilemma of choice between them. We may escape the dilemma by pointing to a third solution, or even a fourth, or we may dismiss the argument entirely with "A plague on both your houses."

* * *

In Europe, Germany and Italy having been induced to return to the naval control of Spain, from which they had withdrawn following the bombing of a German battleship in the Balearic Islands by Spanish Government war planes, have again refused to co-operate on account of a second similar attack by a submarine on a German ship off the south Spanish coast. On land, Germany remains the most likely storm centre of war in Europe. Her dearth of colonies and raw materials, her growing population, her commercial and other activities in East and South East Europe, the close proximity of the vast wheatfields of Russian Ukraine, and her fierce national pride strengthened by the heartless treatment of the Allies of the Great War all combine to bring about the dangerous condition of "Expand or explode." Even the Berlin-Rome axis, though it recovered some prestige, is not enough.

It may be that Germany realises that her present ally let her down badly in 1914. At any rate she now appears to visualise a new "Locarno," and her Foreign Minister's projected but hastily cancelled visit to London had some such project in view. The main principle to be embodied was that of mutual

assistance between the four great Western Powers to the exclusion of the East. The negotiations alone may lead to a closer sympathy with Germany in her claim for her lost colonies.

Internally Germany continues to persecute the Confessional (Opposition Protestant) Church, and she has enacted still more rigorous laws against the unfortunate Jews who still remain inside her frontiers. The Pope once more has had occasion to protest against Hitler's treatment of the German Catholics.

* * *

Italy, having conquered Abyssinia at an enormous cost in money, and very little in manpower, finds her new territory something in the nature of a white elephant—a speculation which cannot repay for many years, while strategically her sea communications to her new overseas possession prove a very weak link in her armour in the event of war. This is probably the reason for her recent Mediterranean pact with Britain.

The Abyssinian campaign had many startling repercussions, and perhaps the most important happened in November, 1935, which month will go down in history as marking the decline of the power of surface naval craft, and the recognition of the value of the aeroplane as a most powerful war weapon. In that month the British Navy suffered some loss in prestige. An angry Italy had packed Sicily with a fleet of bombing and torpedo planes as a threat to the British Fleet stationed at Malta only 65 miles away, and the British Navy, swallowing its pride, moved out of Valetta, where the ships were sitting targets, and at one stroke averted trouble, and checkmated the Italians by steaming to Alexandria, where it took station far from the threatening aircraft, and yet closer to the flank of Italy's sea communications with Abyssinia.

This situation was so pregnant with danger that the "Inland Sea" has come up once more for re-assessment by the powers more closely concerned, and England is again compelled to consider her alternate route round the Cape of Good Hope to the East.

* * *

Italy, dissatisfied and restless, and realizing that her war of conquest is a double-edged sword is now trying to extend her influence to the Balkans.

Her ally Germany, commercially more practical, is hard after world markets, while safeguarding her strategic front against France, and she is directing her main activities towards South-Eastern Europe in the markets of Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary, and Albania.

The Spanish war drags on, causing loss, not only to the Spanish people, but also to other European nations, for many of them have a stake in Spain in the shape of mineral rights so essential to the stupid general rearmament now going ahead.

At least one of the most important British-owned mines is in Franco's hands. The Italians, already possessing half the world's mercury supplies, have their eye on the other half in Cordoba. The Germans hope to exploit an oil-shale in the North-East so as to secure a petrol substitute, and they are very busily engaged in importing iron ore from Morocco. There are also valuable iron deposits as well as coal in Northern Spain. The exportation of raw materials for war purposes from Seville is reported to have created a boom in that port.

So it now comes to pass that practically every European power of importance wishes that the Spanish Civil War had never started, or that at least the Spaniards might well have been left alone to settle their own affairs.

Recently, a second attack on a German warship, this time by a submarine in the Mediterranean again angers Germany, and gives vent to loud protestations that "The Bolsheviki are determined that the Spanish War should spread to Europe"—a delicate situation. It is quite on the boards, however, that any separate negotiations for peace by the Basques, following the fall of Bilbao, may be the beginning of the end of the strife in Spain.

* * *

Russia, under Stalin, is tending to ease up in her aspirations to convert the world to Communism, and her new constitution is said to be sufficiently elastic to embrace a modified form of capitalism. The recent mass executions of military leaders dealt a blow to her prestige.

* * *

In the Near East, the unsatisfactory state of Palestine has been considered by a British Royal Commission, whose recommendation will probably take the shape of dividing the land into separate Jew and Arab provinces. This solution, is at best a *pis-aller*, and will lead to further trouble, as partition invariably does. The Jews at any rate will be dissatisfied, because they are likely to lose Jerusalem, as well as any hope of expanding to settle further east in Trans-Jordania. The Arabs are bound to be divided in their opinions, as those remaining in the Jewish zone will find the scheme repugnant.

A fresh Arab movement throughout the Near East will complicate this matter further, for the Arab is again astir.

and his race-consciousness is troubling Italy, Britain, Spain, Turkey, and Egypt. Youth movements abound in the Arab countries, and the renaissance includes plans for the restoration of the language, and for the revival of the old Arab civilization on Eastern lines, modified by some ideas assimilated from Western doctrines.

There is a wide exchange of thought, and criticism of the varying European methods of government, in which the European-educated Arab, and the Radio both play important parts. Dissension in Europe encourages the Arab, and Italian broadcasts in Arabic, with an alleged anti-British bias have created something in the nature of an international scandal.

* * *

Here again the Mediterranean plays its part, for it is the meeting place of East and West, and to it the possible storm centre of war at sea has shifted once more from the Far East.

A circuit of its shores shows many conflicting interests, and many danger points: Starting from Gibraltar we find here a British bastion, which an English lecturer recently said might fall like a rotten apple in the event of war. Running North East from the Rock is the Eastern Spanish coast, whose domination by any Russian influence would be hotly resented by Italy, while possibly welcomed by the neighbouring socialistic France. Further along, the French southern coast is equipped with powerful naval bases, so strong that their existence first dictated England's policy of stationing her main fleet in the Mediterranean, though now she and France are good friends. The French navy is moreover slightly stronger in submarines than the navy of Italy—a possible foe, and it must not be forgotten that submarines with aeroplanes will play the most important rôle in any Mediterranean war. The submarine menace to British shipping was never scotched in the Mediterranean during the Great War, and out of a total of thirteen million tons of Allied merchant shipping destroyed at sea, as much as five millions were lost in the Mediterranean.

* * *

Further East we come to Italy, the most ambitious and the most disturbing influence in the Middle Sea. Her plea is that she is landlocked within that sea, and must have most to say in its control, now that she has grown to a first-rate power. Mussolini has strengthened his position on land by his alliance with Germany, and is now courting favour in the Balkans and in middle Europe generally. An antagonistic Yugo-Slavia

worries him on the Adriatic, but to counter this he has a pact with Albania so that he can close the outlet of the Adriatic any time he pleases.

During a war his long sea communications with Abyssinia, roughly two thousand miles could be flanked by a hostile Egypt, and by hostile British bases, hence perhaps his broadcasts to Arabia which spans about 1200 miles of that route.

* * *

Still further East we find Greece standing guard on land and sea against her old enemy Turkey, while the latter country taking advantage of the European muddle is once more fortifying the Dardanelles.

British interests next claim attention. The oil pipe-line at Haifa, Malta, Cyprus, the Palestine Mandate, and the treaty with Egypt sum these up. Already two schools of naval thought have come into existence. One is for taking every ship out of the Mediterranean in the case of war, and standing off its outlets. The other for closely protecting local interests by fighting inside, which would also keep the Suez canal open.

In Syria, Turk and Arab have been reconciled with regard to their joint interests in Alexandretta, the League Council at Geneva having satisfactorily disposed of this question.

* * *

Palestine has been dealt with above, and next comes Egypt, a British sphere of influence still, and having at Cairo a centre of the new Arab renaissance whose precepts have spread all along northern Africa and affect Algeria and French Morocco to the West.

The French are reported to be maintaining a strong Army in Northern Africa, entirely out of proportion to peace-time requirements. The restive Arabs and the uncertain aspect of Spanish Morocco may be the causes. Spanish Morocco is the last zone to be inspected, and here we find German interests suspected, and possibilities, at the end of the Spanish civil war of a fresh impetus to the new Arab movement by returned soldiery.

This very brief survey amply shows what a mine of danger the Mediterranean is, and how many conflicting interests converge there.

In the East, India is in the birth-pangs of her new constitution, which is condemned by Pandit Nehru the Congress leader, and by most Indian Nationalist leaders on the grounds that the measure of Provincial autonomy granted is but a farce, leaving too much power with the British Provincial Governors, and

containing too many reservations, the most important perhaps being that of revenue, which it is complained remains almost entirely controlled by the British. Communal rioting is taking place at Amritsar (of unhappy memory) and Bombay, and the Wazir tribesmen on the North-West Frontier continue to give trouble in the rocky no-man's land still maintained as a minor buffer state against Afghanistan and Russian expansion to India.

For this reason the "Forward Policy" to absorb the "troublesome" tribesmen has always been postponed, and the hungry hillmen cannot break their habit of raiding the richer plains of the Indus for loot and women.

* * *

In the Far East, Japan once so insular now possesses an anti-Communist pact with Germany and Italy, and is evidently seeking England's favour as well. She misses her old alliance with Britain, and it looks as if some new agreement is being sought with the object of dividing China into two spheres of influence—the South British, and the North Japanese. To this however the China of to-day will have something to say.

The military power of Russia and Japan seem to be sufficiently balanced to give the impression that either side will be slow to give cause for war.

In fact, all the powers East and West seem so terrified of each other that it is difficult to visualise any war of importance in the next five years.

* * *

In the meantime Ireland takes her own part in foreign affairs, being represented by Mr. Lemass as President of the twenty-third session of the International Labour Conference at Geneva, where he advanced the hopeful idea that unemployment could be scotched by any responsible government intent on economic reorganisation.

Mr. Lemass may talk with confidence, for he represents a small country new to self-government, which has nevertheless set the good example of the enactment of many useful social reforms, including the eight-hour day, annual holidays with pay, industrial protection of women and children, and other humane measures which richer and power powerful states are slow to adopt.

* * *

The political and financial crises in France have come too late to attempt to appraise them in this issue.

JOHN LUCY

FOREIGN COMMENTARY II

The Spanish War, now near its first anniversary, seems to have taken its most decisive turn in the fall of Bilbao, the main Government stronghold in Northern Spain and, with the Madrid section, the most important quarter of Spain proper at any time held by the Government. That the fall of Bilbao may be taken as strongly indicative of the final result of the struggle seems to be the opinion of Mussolini, who has more recent experience of matters of this nature than any of his European confrères. The Italian attitude in the past month, both in regard to the war in general and at the Non-Intervention Committee, is the reverse of that which would be adopted by a Power which had doubts as to the issue in the business in hand. The alacrity with which she supported Germany's withdrawal from the Committee as a consequence of the bombing of the Deutschland was surprising, even for such a willing partner as Italy is in this team. Again, Germany's immediate independent action, following on the Deutschland's being bombed, is not that which would be expected from a Government which was anxious to reduce its commitments in Spain or to placate those who favour the other side. A reference to the other parties in the Committee would have been an easy and satisfactory matter for a "man of goodwill." Not only did Germany not take that course but she has now produced a perfectly new charge, saying that the Leipzig has been shot at by Government torpedoes near Tangiers. This charge has been made the ground for the postponement of Baron von Neurath's scheduled visit to London on the 23rd June. That visit, probably being undertaken at the request of the British Government, with the object of having that Government's views on the Spanish struggle and the place held by that struggle in the general European situation explained, would, in the German view, serve no useful purpose in the present circumstances. Both Italy and Germany are, at the moment, taking a very firm stand as to the conditions on which they will resume their collaboration with the Committee and seem very likely to have their way.

The probability that Franco is now a strong odds-on chance, indicated by the "recognition" Powers' behaviour in London, and much increased by the capture of Bilbao, is made almost a certainty by the publication by the Italian Government of the casualties suffered by her troops on the Madrid front in the battles of the month of March. It may be assumed that

(continued on page 89)

OWNERSHIP AND INDUSTRIALISM

By ERIC GILL

Capitalism is production for profit ; and yet another evil inseparable from it is the class distinction it necessitates between the employer and employee. The Master is no longer a master of his trade or craft but a master of men. The employee may, if he have sufficient acquisitiveness and cunning become a master himself. How proud is Lord Leverhulme to tell us that he began life as an errand boy or what not. How proud are newspaper editors to inform us that Lord Nuffield started in a small motor garage. With what complacency Samuel Smiles But in spite of the fact that there is no law against avarice, no law against circumventing one's neighbour in business and that, therefore, the lowest paid shop boy may rise to a seat in the House of Lords, yet the class distinction remains and the class war is the inevitable consequence. For what Law of God or man decrees that the rich shall be venerated? What possible ground in reason is there for supposing that men whose reverence for the doctrine of private property is no more than a reverence for property as a means to profit-making ; what ground is there for saying or thinking that such men should be our rulers? What are they in fact but slave owners and slave drivers? What is employment in capitalist factories, ships and railways but a real and degrading slavery? " Wage slavery " it is rightly called, and the slavery is not due to the conditions of employment, nor is it due to the amount of pay received by the workers but to the wavery itself—to the fact of employment and exploitation of one man by another, to the fact that under capitalism the employee is nothing but an instrument of profit making for his master. The kind employer, he who arranges that his wage slaves shall have baths and canteens, lectures on the poets, music while they work, light and airy factories, such a man is no less a slave owner. He is simply displaying

"enlightened self-interest" and the phrase is his own invention. It pays him better to treat his chattels kindly. Like the subaltern in the army, he says "one loves one's men"; perhaps he does, by all means, but the point is that it pays and if it didn't he wouldn't do it. They tell us that the oil fuelling of ocean steamships has removed the inhuman drudgery of coal stoking and they pat themselves on the back for introducing it. Then why not oil fuel for railway locomotives? Because it does not pay. That is a good and final answer and the oil fuelling of steamships was introduced as an economy and it was retained simply because it was economically successful and for no other reason. So it is with all their improvements and reforms. Their object is profits and nothing else whatever. How could it be otherwise? The world of capitalism is precisely that kind of world. "Business is business" is the slogan. What does not increase profits cannot be good and what does not increase profits must be resisted by every possible means.

Such a system of industry naturally foments rebellion. There is no need of paid agitators; the thing itself stinks to heaven. "Workers of the world unite, throw off your chains."

Capitalism is production for profit and a world run by capitalists is naturally a world of selfishness and vulgarity. It is obviously impossible to reform it except by abolishing it—the leopard could much more easily change his spots, the lion more willingly lie with the lamb, than a capitalist, born and bred and trained, change his mind—become one with the workers in a fraternal commonwealth. The only reform he can think of is that of profit sharing and he has only thought of that because he hopes by so doing to make the workers as profit-greedy as himself and thus continue to submit to his profiteering rule. Profit sharing succeeds in nothing but in making all the workers capitalists like the bosses. What is the good of that? Do they propose to give the workers a real share in the management and control—a share proportionate to their numbers and to the fact that the bulk of the goods produced are used by the

workers, the necessities of life, the life of the workers themselves? That fully proportionate control is, of course, the one thing they do not propose to give.

But, they ask, how *can* we give such control to a lot of factory hands? They are incapable of exercising it. What a question, what a point of view! Having first reduced the majority of the workers to a subhuman condition of intellectual irresponsibility, they then turn round and say these men are not to be trusted to control their work' But not all the "hands" are dolts. A sufficient number of them, foremen, gangers, managers, overseers, clerks, timekeepers, are highly trained, efficient and responsible persons even in the present capitalist society. The only thing they are comparatively ill-equipped to do is to run the factories as profit-making enterprises. They don't know much about capitalism, about stocks and shares, and loans and debentures and international banking and usury. It is chiefly for these things that in a capitalist world the capitalist bosses are indispensable. But it is precisely these things which are damnable and to be abolished by proletarian ownership. In what sense are the capitalist owners better able to control and run the factories? Only in the sense that they are more single-minded in the pursuit of profits and know the tricks and chicanery of a profit-seeking world.

I read recently in the weekly newspaper called *The Tablet*, commenting on the civil war in Spain, a quotation from a statement made by Señor Lerroux. It refers to the workers as "a class that has been poisoned in modern times by an indigestion of doctrines that proved incomprehensible to their primitive intelligence and unassimilable by them in their low state of culture, deadened as their intellect has been and their nature rendered dull by the selfish indifference of the privileged classes." So far good—but Señor Lerroux continued ". . . This sorry beast (the workers, taken collectively), abandoned by God and man, on finding itself free, can only sting and use its venom like a viper . . . Therefore, implacable vengeance would be out of

place. What is required in dealing with them is justice, authority and discipline ; what they need is work, training, education, and —after their cure and convalescence—charity.” (Charity also ran).¹ Thus we see the same frame of mind in this matter of communism as that of the English in relation to the Irish. Having oppressed and robbed the Irish for seven centuries we then denounce them for rising in rebellion. And so it is with the workers. We first rob them and then revile them. Charity, forsooth !

Politics deals with things as they are. I say again : as things are we live in an industrialist world. Not only cannot we immediately throw it off, but the majority of people, workers as well as bosses, do not want to do so. All alike are convinced that with our present congested populations there is no possibility or desirability of returning to pre-industrial conditions of working. And yet, in spite of the fact that the overwhelming body of opinion is in favour of a continuance of industrialism and its still further development, very few people really consider what industrialism is and what it implies in relation to the matter of ownership. They still talk and write as though you could own a railway system in the same way as that in which you can own a hat or a private house or a kitchen garden. And entirely without consciousness of their self-deceit they talk of the natural human right of private property when all they are really clinging to is a right to exploit their fellow men in order to gain profits for themselves. It is the profits and the means to profits that they cling to, not the property, not the railways or steamships or iron foundries. How vastly different would be their speeches if all their industries suddenly ceased to “ pay.” How rapidly they would clamour for their industries to be taken over by the State ; though they would camouflage their eagerness by a great parade of patriotism—the sort of patriotism which demands high “ compensation,” just as the patriotic financiers who got up war loans did not patriotically forgo interest on their

¹ *The Tablet*, April 10, 1937, p. 515.

money, and suppliers of war material did not patriotically forego profits.

But apart from all this deception, industrialism is of its nature a business of large scale machine production. Of its nature it is a business of public service. Of its nature it is not private ownership. Of its nature it means the regimenting of the majority of workers both technically and as citizens. Is it not obvious then that the claim to private profits from public services is preposterous and can only be made by fools or knaves? Is it not obvious that the capitalist, profit-seeking control of industry cannot much longer continue? Not only are men corrupted but the production also is degraded. Competition for markets, the obsession with salesmanship, the gambling and scrambling on the stock market, the necessity every small man of business as well as every large one is under of thinking of everything in terms of buying and selling—these things corrupt the nation. As St. Thomas says:

“If the citizens give themselves to trading, a way is open to many vices. Since the desire of trading tends especially to gain; therefore, through the use of trading avarice is enkindled in the hearts of the citizens; the result being that in the city all things will have their price; mutual trust will be at an end, doors will be opened to fraud, the common good will be despised, private good will be sought, zeal for virtue will wither . . .”¹

And as regards the quality of production this also is necessarily reduced in a capitalist world. It is what will sell that matters and what will sell is that which by skilful advertisement and salesmanship can be “put across” or “got over.” The capitalist, almost against his will (for lots of them are decent fellows enough in a pub), is compelled to regard the whole world as his prey. He must almost force people to buy. The whole business of trading to-day is like modern war-making and modern war-making is the direct consequence of modern trading. Markets must be found—by force if not by fraud, by fair means or foul. And in such a morass of selfishness and rivalry what chance has such a consideration as the quality of the goods to be regarded as having the primary importance which in fact it has? The

¹ *De Regimine Principum*, ch. 3, trans. V. McNabb, O.P.

criterion in the commerical world is not quality but saleability and, however much deceived we are by lying advertisements, advertisements which lie by suppression of the truth and false suggestion as much as by direct falsehood, there is no real reason to think that the saleable is the same as the good. For in a commercial world, a world run for profit, the judge of quality is not the maker, nor even the salesman but the misguided consumer, and he is inevitably misguided because appeal is made to his every baser instinct—to his vanity and love of ease, to his acquisitiveness and fear. And what more frightful indictment of capitalism, what clearer and grander description of its doom can be found than in the words of the writer of the Apocalypse :

“Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down and shall be found no more at all. And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee. And no craftsman, of whatever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee ; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee ; and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee ; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee ; for thy merchants were the great men of the earth.”¹

Politics deals with things as they are. If then we are discussing ownership in an industrialist world we are discussing it in an environment entirely different from that of a society of small farmers or peasants, of small shops and small workshops. It is this fact which seems so easily to escape the notice of those, even men of goodwill, who write against communism and communal ownership of the means of production. Thus, in the same issue of *The Tablet* as that previously quoted (p. 516), in an excellent review of a book on the morals of ownership, I find the following :—“The superior position of the owner of existing wealth . . . has given rise not merely to Liberalism, which found its incentive in the desire of ordinary men to establish themselves quickly and securely as *rentiers*, but in Socialism and Communism which, rightly perceiving the irresistible power of ownership under theories of the absolute right of owners to drive the hardest bargains they could, have concentrated, not on protecting independent producers, but on

¹ Apocalypse of St. John, ch. 28, v. 21 seq.

securing ownership for the State or a class." Here is displayed an apparently complete unawareness or ignorance of or indifference to the fact that the industrialised society tends *of its own nature*, and quite apart from any political or moral or religious theory held by owners or workers, to public or State or communal ownership. And yet that is the vital fact to be grasped. The insinuation that socialism and communism are solely the product of exasperation and desperation, theories fomented by interested agitators, irreligious, profane and diabolical in their inspiration, is widely beside the mark. It misses the bally target altogether. For what is the situation? In what way are we to suppose that the Post Office or the other Civil Services, the Army and the Navy are more public in their service than are railway and steamship systems? Men depend upon food and drink and clothing and shelter and transport even more directly and more universally than upon postage and tax collecting and even more than upon soldiers and sailors. Then in what way is the Post Office more naturally a public service than the business of the mass-production of flour and beer and tea and wool and cotton and silk and houses and hotels? It is obvious that if we lived in a world in which all these things were produced by the pre-industrial method of the small workshop and the independent craftsman, the land-owning peasant and the fisherman sailing his own boat, then there would be a case for "protecting independent producers" of these things. But it is equally obvious not only that we do not live in such a world but also that, as regards the overwhelming majority of our people, both clerical and lay, we do not in the least wish to return to it. We live in an industrialised mass-producing world and we wish, by every means in our power, to preserve it. But the idea of public service for private profit is absurd, is monstrous.¹ Moreover, it quite clearly and blatantly does not work.

¹ It may be true that in England in the year 1937 there is only a small number of trade unionists who apprehend these things and are prepared to fight the Capitalist system. It is, however, inevitable that the number should grow. The logic of the case as well as the misery of the times cannot be forever staved off by the cajolements of "enlightened self-interest" and the bribes of work on armaments.

On all hands we see the evidence of its imminent breakdown, whether by its own inherent injustice and absurdity or by its inescapable direction towards war, war of the kind naturally resulting from its own style of irreligion—the impersonal inhuman war waged with bombs and poisons, the war of profiteers. It is clear, therefore, that we live in a fool's paradise if we think that individual private property in the means of production can be preserved in an industrial world.

And if it be clear that private property in the Victorian capitalists' sense is doomed to extinction, is it not clear also that the capitalists have long since forfeited any claim to either compensation or privilege. They may be said to have jolly well had their whack. I don't personally bear them any malice and am quite prepared to see them "liquidated" without bloodshed provided they keep off their snobberies and obstruction. It is very much to be doubted, however, whether they will have the necessary wisdom and humility. But they have had plenty of warning and should know by now that worms when turning have a salutary habit of losing their tempers. "It must needs be that scandals come but woe to him by whom the scandal cometh" and in this connection there is no doubt as to whom it is that is scandalized. The whole world of workers, all men of intelligence and sensibility, is scandalized by the capitalist doctrine of private greed and nauseated by the world the capitalists have made—by its vulgar ostentation of luxury and foolishness, and all its accompanying squalor and filth and ugliness. "Woe, woe to you rich men in your miseries which shall come upon you—your riches are putrid"

I return then to my beginning. What are the politics of industrialism? What are the right politics, the natural politics, not to say the inevitable politics. What, again, are the politics of wisdom, humanity and what politics are in accord with Christianity? "As many as possible of the people shall be induced to become owners." That is the bed-rock doctrine in this matter. And ownership is meaningless unless it means control. And

control is meaningless unless it means personal control. Ownership of what? What is ownable? That which is not only necessary to man's life but that which needs manipulation to make it serviceable. There is no talk of owning the air. Even capitalists haven't found it profitable to claim ownership of that elementary necessity. And that is not only because of the difficulty of cornering it, as is their charitable habit to do with anything they can lay their hands on, but also because air needs no manipulation to make it useful. There are no labour costs involved in its production, therefore no profits to be made out of labourers. But land and raw materials and the things men make for their use, the means of production and the product, the means of distribution and exchange, these are the things men own. And, in so far as the production of these things has been industrialized these things must be owned by the workers. Their production is already a public service. They are made not by individuals for individuals but by the co-operative labour of the whole nation for the use of the whole nation. It is only the profits of production which are to-day in any real sense private property. But production for profit vitiates all these public services. The control of industry by people to whom the main object of industry is the profits accruing to them as private persons poisons, corrupts and degrades both the product and the producers. And the chief victims of this evil thing are the workers for not only is everything the product of labour, but labourers are the majority of the users.

But ownership by the workers, real controlling ownership is in some people's opinion not the only or the best remedy. Some people suggest what is called co-partnership or profit sharing. By this means, it is hoped, the present conduct of industry would be continued and the present control remain in the same hands, *i.e.*, the capitalists'. I need not say that, in my view, this would be a remedy worse than the disease. Ownership of profits is the worst feature of our present world. To make everyone capitalists,

to implant in the minds of every worker the capitalist, profit-seeking motive would be to extend the disease to all. Is that what is wanted? Is it not the only redeeming feature of our present world that nine-tenths of the people are victims—more sinned against than sinning. The idea of work as a means to life and as the service of one's fellow men does still exist in the minds of the rank and file of labourers. Poisoned as thousands of us are by the capitalist idea, degraded and degrading as most of the work we do has become by reason of the profit-seeking motive of those who control industry, nevertheless, we are not yet so poisoned as we should be if we were all of us ourselves profiteers. I say no more about this. I see no need to say more. The suggestion seems to me preposterous and to stink too plainly of its origins.

Again, some people favour the organization of industry on what is called a corporative basis. This system is in some respects analogous to the system of the medieval guilds both in Europe and elsewhere. I shall not propose or oppose it. I say only that the decision in such a matter is the affair of the workers themselves, the rightful owners and controllers of industry. Who but themselves has any right to impose a guild or corporative system upon them? Work is the affair of the workers; who shall decide, who has the right to decide how work shall be organized but those who do it?

It is true that the object of production is consumption and, therefore, the consumer, the man who pays the piper, has the right to call the tune. But the majority of the consumers are producers also and *vice versa*, and it is as producers and not as consumers that we know what are suitable conditions of working and what is good quality in the work done. I say nothing against corporativism. I only say that its institution is a matter for the workers' decision, and that I like the impudence of those who think they have either the right or the duty or the ability to sit in offices and presbyteries and the board rooms of capitalists

and dictate to the nation. Who is the nation? Is it the parasitical class that lives on dividends and profits wrung from the workers by their systematic underpayment? The whole principle of capitalist organization is to beat the worker down and keep him down to the lowest wage he can be got to accept—to buy cheap and sell dear, to give as little as possible and get as much as possible. Is it surprising that the Trades' Unions do the same with the opposite intention? Who is the nation? On what grounds is it either true or just to deny that title to the workers? There are plenty of people who for one good reason or another cannot work—children, the aged, the infirm. Such are the rightful recipients of “unearned” increment. But those others, the profiteers (and every capitalist is a profiteer, it is his ambition to be one, he has never made any secret of the fact, and is only with difficulty prevented from the full exercise of his propensities) what right have they to wax indignant when the many, “broken down and powerless,” rise in rebellion?

“As many as possible of the people should become owners”—as many as *possible*. Who are the possible owners using the word possible to imply not merely the physically possible but also the spiritually possible? For many things are physically possible against which the mind revolts, and that against which the mind revolts is, in the long run, impossible, even physically. It is possible for a time to work your mines by the labour of women and children—but only for a time. Not only will the miners themselves rebel, but the whole people will rise in their indignation. Such things cannot be done for ever. The only possible owners of the means of production under an industrial system are the workers collectively. We know where capitalist ownership has led us. We live in the capitalist world and nothing that the mind of man can imagine could be more foul, more unjust, more miserable or more ugly.

Neither can it be argued that the means of production could be owned by consumers as such and in their collectivity. Consumers have not the means of judgment between good and evil.

They can only judge whether things are good for *them*. They can only make relative judgments. But the maker, the worker knows what is good in itself.

But the workers, those whom capitalism has robbed, the proletarians, they are the rightful owners, the only possible owners, and by becoming owners they will cease to be proletarians.

In conclusion, it seems necessary to say that nothing I have written here is in contradiction of what I have been saying for the last twenty-five years. Collective ownership by the workers is the only proper politics in an industrial world. I have argued that industrialism, in spite of its many manifestations of power, in engineering and technology; in spite of the multitude of material conveniences it offers; in spite of its mass production of both necessities and luxuries, does in fact reduce the workers to a subhuman condition of intellectual irresponsibility and the things made to an inferior quality because they are not the product of the fully human workman. I have argued these points I dare say *ad nauseam* and nothing I now say is contradictory. I still desire the human world of human work. What else is desirable? But I say, as I began by saying, and have several times repeated, politics deals with things as they are. Industrialism is the modern world, the world of to-day. And I say, the only possible road to the human world which is on all human grounds to be desired is through and by means of the collective ownership by the workers of the means of production. In a world so owned argument will again have relevance. In a capitalist world all argument for humanity and human work is futile, meaningless and, therefore, irrelevant. To set up a world of production for use rather than for profit is the only possible aim worthy of reformers and revolutionaries. Let us convert our industrialism to that setting and all things human will be possible.¹

ERIC GILL

(See addendum on page 38)

DISTRIBUTISM—THE THIRD ROAD

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the Road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae."

At the present time it is becoming increasingly clear that the major decision confronting the world is that between Capitalism and Socialism. Both these systems can be seen at work: Socialism in Soviet Russia and Capitalism in most of the rest of the world. The claims of Fascism to represent a third economic system entirely different from the other two need not be exhaustively discussed here. It is, I think, pretty clear to most people that Mr. Moneybags, the banker, undergoes no unrecognisable sea-change in becoming Herr Reichsfinanceleader Moneybags, and that the ordinary peasant or factory worker experiences a change indeed, but one not of kind but of degree: Capitalism shears the sheep pretty close, but Fascism takes skin and all. Fascism, then, will not be further considered at this point. There remains the single choice between Capitalism and Socialism.

But for a large number of people this choice is too narrow. They see in each alternative only an evil. On the one hand, they cannot be blind to the enormous ironic tragedy of Capitalism. They see goods produced with toil and pain wilfully destroyed by deliberate action of Government. They read speeches by famous statesmen and economic experts who announce

triumphantly that after protracted negotiations the last difficulties have been removed from some scheme by which the world's production of an essential commodity will be drastically reduced. Worst of all, they see leisure—one of the greatest goods which any economic system can produce—turned into the greatest evil, unemployment. They see grave statesmen in historic assemblies introducing measures “to give work,” “to make work,” and pathetic processions of unemployed demanding “the right to work.” As if work, without reference to what it produces, were an end in itself, and as if there were not work enough and to spare in providing merely for the minimum needs of those very unemployed, and of the whole of the poorer classes ! A world-renowned economic expert stands up in public and proposes that all research and inventions should be banned for a period of ten years ; and no man calls him mad.

Not merely an article, but a whole book would be required if I were to detail only the most palpable insanities of the capitalist system. As a matter of fact, few, even of those very few who profit by it, have now wrong-headedness or effrontery enough to defend it with arguments. They tend now to defend it with guns.

But what of the second alternative ? Many people feel that if they gave their allegiance to socialism, their last state might be worse than the first. They hear the most appalling accounts of the Soviet Union, at present the only socialist state in the world. They hear of horrible atrocities, of the “liquidation” (which they take to mean extermination) of whole classes of people ; of abolition of religion ; of suppression of free speech ; of ruthless oppression of the common people. Whether these reports are true or false is a matter which need not concern us at present. True or false, they appear prominently in the principal newspapers of most countries : and in many countries any attempt to disprove them is banned, whether by the State (as in Germany, Italy and other Fascist or semi-Fascist

countries) or by the owners of the principal means of expression (as in the Irish Free State).

Many people, then, are weary of Capitalism, and recoil from what they hear of Socialism. As the ballad-maker found the choice between Heaven and Hell too narrow for him, so these people seek for a third alternative. Several have been offered : of these the one which has by far the most following in this country is that which G. K. Chesterton called Distributism.

At this point I must make an apology. The characteristics of Distributism, which I shall shortly set down, rest on no authority whatsoever. I have read as much literature of the "Chester-Belloc" school as I can conveniently get hold of, but I have not yet discovered any clear statement as to what Distributism actually *is*. It seems, indeed, to be a characteristic of writers on this subject that they are always referring back, by implication, to some such statement, without giving any definite clue as to where it can be found. It is, therefore, open to any Distributist to repudiate the ideas which I attribute to him, and to enlighten my ignorance as to the real principles of Distributism. I sincerely hope, indeed, that someone will do so, for it is exceedingly unsatisfactory to be discussing ideas that are only expressed in parentheses and oblique allusions. In the meantime, I can only say that certain ideas exist, and appear to be very prevalent in this country, and that these ideas seem to me to be those of the Distributists ; and that, in any case, these ideas, by whatever name they are called, appear to me to be worth examining.

With this qualification, therefore, I may say that, first of all, the Distributist is dissatisfied with the present condition of society. He sees the necessity of a fundamental change, and Chesterton, for one, does not seem unduly perturbed if the change has to be a violent one. Many of his poems and novels are permeated with the spirit of revolution.

"Prince, I can hear the shouts of Germinal,
The tumbrils toiling up the terrible way:
Even to-day your royal head may fall—
I think I will not hang myself to-day."

One would not gather from that that G.K.C. wanted his "Prince" to be removed by plebiscite, with appropriate compensation. In fact, he would go some distance with the authors of the Communist Manifesto: "In existing society, private property is done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths." "In one word," says the Manifesto, addressing the property-owners, "you reproach us with intending to do away with *your* property. Precisely so: that is just what we intend. . . ." That is also what the Distributists intend, if I understand them correctly.

But having expropriated the monopolisers of property, what is to be done next? It is precisely at this point that the Distributist becomes annoyingly vague. Of the kind of society at which he is aiming, however, we have some indication. It is a society of independent peasants, of small farmers, of rural handicrafts—in other words, a society (somewhat idealised) of the type which existed before the rise of Capitalism. This necessarily involves the abolition, or restriction, of machinery and modern industrial processes generally.

It is true that if the Distributist is asked point-blank whether he is against machinery, he will usually reply in the negative. There exist, indeed, some references in Distributist literature to co-operative ownership of large productive enterprises by the men employed in them. But this proposal is made with such a marked lack of enthusiasm that it is difficult to take it seriously. Nor is it easy to see how such co-operative enterprises could co-exist permanently with the rural society on the depiction of which so much imaginative energy has been expended, for a mere change of ownership will not reduce the domination of the factory, and hence of mass-production and everything else that Distributists object to. If the co-operative enterprises work in accordance with a common productive plan, the result will be a kind of Socialism: if they compete unrestrictedly against each other it will be a kind of Capitalism.

In neither case will it be Distributism as described in the literature of that movement. Either Distributism is completely meaningless, or it stands for the abolition, or at least the restriction, of machinery.

This proposal is not new, and we may quote in passing from an author who had certainly never heard of Distributism, but whose ideas ran along parallel lines :

“ How many men at this hour are living in a state of bondage to the machines? How many spend their whole lives, from the cradle to the grave, in tending them by night and day? Is it not plain that the machines are gaining ground on us, when we reflect on the increasing number of those who are bound down to them as slaves, and of those who devote their whole souls to the advancement of the mechanical kingdom? ”

This author proposed, therefore, “ putting an immediate stop to all mechanical progress, and destroying all improvements that have been made for the last three hundred years.” “ So convincing was his reasoning,” we are informed, “ that he carried the country with him ; and they made a clean sweep of all machinery that had not been in use for more than two hundred and seventy-one years (which period was arrived at after a series of compromises), and strictly forbade all further improvements and inventions . . . ” And a traveller passing through the country some centuries later “ was . . . at once struck with the primitive character of their appliances . . . they were about as far advanced as Europeans of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries ; certainly not more so.”

Unfortunately, or fortunately, author, country, and traveller had no existence outside the brain of Samuel Butler. But let us return to the Distributists.

It has been frequently urged, in opposition to any such plan, that one cannot put the clock back. The real objection is that one cannot make the clock run backwards ; one cannot even stop the clock. The Distributist reply to this is, in effect, a denial of the existence of the clock mechanism. They deny the reality of progress. But the kind of progress with which we are concerned is technical progress : the continual improvement of the means of production. It would seem decidedly difficult

to deny the existence of this, one of the few constant things in the history of mankind. It would appear still more difficult, even if one could imagine it to be desirable, to stop this tremendous process. What law can abolish the most secret and uncontrollable thing in man's nature?

"The quick delight that fathers thought; the strong
Spur, live and lancing like the blow-pipe flame."

—the inspiration of a poet or an inventor—is not amenable to State regulations. All the State can do is to prevent the expression of it. We must then institute a series of such Erewhonian laws as would have delighted Samuel Butler. We must make the publication of any invention an offence, and its application a felony. For the inventor is the midwife and the executioner of economic systems. If men are left free to improve the means of production, it is only a matter of time before we are back to standardisation, mass-production and the conveyor belt. And this will happen not merely because these devices are invented, but because it is to the interest of the great majority of the people that they should be used. In the transition from feudalism to Capitalism, those who resisted the change were the great landowners and feudal lords. Under Distributism, of course, there will be no large landowners or feudal lords. Consequently, the return to Capitalism will be greatly accelerated.

Up to this point we have been considering our Distributist society *in vacuo*. Now let us imagine it in the world as it exists to-day. It would, in the first place, be appallingly vulnerable to attack from without, unless there are, as in Erewhon, Professors of Inconsistency to insist on the use of the most up-to-date weapons of war. In the second place, it would be irresistibly attractive to Capitalism in search of a market. Unless foreign goods are not merely penalised by tariffs, but prohibited altogether, the country will be flooded with them, and all its picturesque rural industries will be put out of business within a very short time. If foreign goods are prohibited, the capitalists

will smuggle them in wholesale : they will bribe government officials ; they will foster internal dissension by every possible means, so as to provoke a revolution. This is no mere hypothesis ; we have seen, within the last few years, Capitalism behaving in all these ways.

How, then, can our society be kept in being, even for a few years ? Only by the use of naked force ; and such force will be dictatorial in character, since the Distributist Government will not have the backing of a majority or even a considerable minority of the people. We arrive, then, at a condition of affairs in which the Distributist State is governed by a dictatorship, with its inevitable concomitants of censorship of the press, suppression of opposition parties, and all-pervading propaganda. And all this in the name of liberty !

Whether or not the above analysis is correct, it is certainly the case that many Distributist writers show a decided sympathy and admiration for the Fascist countries, especially Italy and Portugal. It is not surprising, therefore, that Fascists, in countries where Distributist sentiment is strong, should make use of that sentiment to establish their own very different type of society. And it is this that is the real danger.

It would appear, therefore, that our "bonny road," which should have led us to an idyllic countryside peopled by a free and happy peasantry, has taken a decidedly different turning.

"O they rode on, and further on,
They waded rivers above the knee ;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the moaning of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae, starlight,
They waded thro' red blood to the knee . . ."

G. F. DALTON

HEROIC HEART

Ice of heroic heart seals plasmic soil
Where things ludicrously take root
To show in leaf kindnesses time had buried
And cry music under a storm of 'planes,
Making thrust head to slacken, muscle waver
And intent mouth recall old tender tricks.
Ice of heroic heart seals steel-bound brain.

There newer organs built for friendship's grappling
Waste down like wax. There only leafless plants
And earth retain disinterestedness.
Though magnetised to lie of the land, moves
Heartily over the map wrapped in its iron
Storm. Battering the roads, armoured columns
Break walls of stone or bone without receipt.
Jawbones find new way with meats, loins
Raking and blind, new way with women.

CHARLES DONNELLY

HE IS DEAD AND GONE, LADY . . .

(For Charles Donnelly, R.I.P.)

Of what a quality is courage made
That he who gently walked our city streets
Talking of poetry or philosophy,
Spinoza, Keats.
Should lie like any martyred soldier
His brave and fertile brain dried quite away
And the limbs that carried him from cradle to death's outpost
Growing down into a foreign clay.

Gone from amongst us and his life not half begun
Who had followed Jack-o-Lantern truth and liberty
Where it led wavering from park-bed to prison cell
Into a strange land, dry misery,
And then into Spain's slaughter, sniper's aim
And his last shocked embrace of earth's lineaments.
Can I picture truly that swift end
Who see him dead with eye that still repents.

What end, what quietus, can I see for him
Who had the quality of life in every vein?
Life with its passion and poetry and its proud
Ignorance of eventual loss or gain.
This first fruits of our harvest, willing sacrifice
Upon the altar of his integrity
Lost to us; somewhere his death is charted—
Something has been gained by this mad missionary.

DONAGH MACDONAGH

THE PRIESTS AND THE PEOPLE

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

WHEN on a famous occasion O'Connell cried "I would as soon take my politics from Constantinople as from Rome," he laid down a principle which consolidated into a tradition in Ireland. That tradition might almost be defined as a law of action, that the Church in Ireland works through the people, not through Governments, and depends for its power on its influence over the people which it may jeopardise by running counter to their traditional Nationalism. The modern Irish tendency on the part of organised and individual laymen to try to use the Church to beat opponents, calling them anti-clerical, or even non-Catholic, is a foolish tendency at best ; but the really objectionable aspect of that effort to pre-empt the approval of the Church for individual, or party opinions, is that *it is fatal for the Church*.

The trouble about history is not that it ages but that it gets forgotten. It might, therefore, be well worth while to recall three occasions on which it seemed as if a Catholic lay body must break with the Church.

I.

The first occasion was in 1798-9, when the Union with Great Britain was on the mat. Then Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh, of infamous memory, duped a number of the Irish bishops into a contingent assent to the idea of a Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

On that occasion, Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, "a man," says Dr. MacCaffrey (the historian), "of irreproachable life, but trained on the continent, where every popular agitation was regarded as dangerous," induced a large number of the Irish

bishops to allow him to use their names in favour of the measure. He hoped thereby to hasten Emancipation and quieten a fractious country. His reward was nil. He helped to sell his country and got no thanks for it.

But he had given some reason to the United Irishmen to spread the statement that the Irish bishops had been bribed by the English Government. And it must be remembered that the agents of the Government had, indeed, bribed many of the Catholic lay leaders—Lord Kenmare, Myles Keon, one of the Bellews, a brother-in-law of Lord Fingall, and others.

The danger of such dissension on semi-political matters was quickly recognised; even Dr. Troy—whom O'Connell always regarded with dislike as a "Castle Catholic"—had stated in 1797 that a royal Placet on the appointment of bishops would be followed by the decline, even the destruction of religion in Ireland. It might well, he saw, give grounds for thinking the Catholic clergy dependent on Government Ministers and breed insubordination even among the clergy. That incident began a long tradition of popular mistrust of the Irish clergy in matters political.

The unwisdom of the ten bishops, trustees of Maynooth, who, in 1799, agreed, nevertheless, to a definite form of Government veto, or control, over the bishops, is something that needs, in the face of these opinions of Dr. Troy—one of the ten signatories—no comment other than that of Dr. MacCaffrey, that any such arrangement would have, in the circumstances, undoubtedly precipitated a conflict between the national and religious feelings of the people, and would have been disastrous for the religious interests of the nation. Later on, the bishops changed over under pressure of subsequent events—one of these events being, largely, O'Connell.

II.

The second critical occasion occurred in 1808, when the

English Catholic leaders revived this question. They had for some ten years before behaved in a manner that could certainly not be called the normal behaviour expected of orthodox Catholics. They had actually begun to enquire into the conduct of their own bishops ; to arrogate to themselves the right to conduct Catholic affairs independent of them ; they objected in '87 to government by the four vicars apostolic who managed Catholic affairs in England, saying that it was contrary to *Praemunire*, and they proposed that bishops should be chosen by their own flock. They signed themselves *Protesting Catholic Dissenters*, and in petitioning Parliament for the alleviation of their lot suggested an objectionable and comprehensive oath which the Catholic Vicars had to condemn. That oath declared the deposing power of the Pope to be "impious," "heretical," "damnable" ; that the Pope could not absolve in any oath ; that the Pope was not infallible. (The Infallibility of the Pope was not, of course, doctrinal until 1870.)

Yet when the four Vicars met in 1791 to issue a pastoral letter in condemnation, only three signed ! And, in 1808, when the Catholic Board was re-organised with the Vicars on the standing committee, which represented in great measure the policy of the Catholic Committee, and in 1810 drafted a petition to Parliament, *three of the vicars being present (or represented)*, only one, that persistent opponent of all interference in ecclesiastical discipline, Dr. Milner, stood out against a resolution that repeated, in substance, the error of Dr. Troy some ten years before—*i.e.*, the error of accepting Government maintenance, with all its inevitable consequences of popular mistrust.

That famous "Fifth Resolution" created a painful hubbub. It was passed and embodied in a resolution *signed by all the other bishops*. It divided Irish and English Catholics at once. The Irishmen condemned it outright. The Irish aristocrats followed the English. The Irish popular party followed those of

the Irish bishops, who had learned their lesson in 1798-9. Fortunately the petition was—one may add, as usual—thrown out by the Lords and Commons. It certainly had not helped the Church or religion.

III.

The third occasion is too famous to need more than mention—the occasion of Grattan's proposed Relief Bill of 1813, and Canning's detestable clauses for the control of the clergy—even to the examination of all Papal documents entering England and Scotland ! Milner, of course, fought tooth and nail against it, got no support from Bishop Poynter, was ignominiously and shamefully expelled by the English Catholic gentlemen from their councils—a disgraceful scene at which (I believe it was on that occasion) one gallant offered to box the bishop ! He left the room amid hisses and catcalls. It was that October of 1813 that the vicars of England and Scotland met—*without their opponent, Milner*—at Durham and still defended the obnoxious Fifth Resolution.

Then came the development which everybody knows—the appeal to Pius VII ; the Quarantotti rescript of 1814 ; the opposition of the Irish bishops to Rome itself ; the passage to and fro, between Rome, England, and Ireland, of the partisans of one side and another, the ejection of Father Hayes, by force, from Tuscany, the obstinate stand of the Irish going on right up to 1818, and not becoming really extinct until 1829, with the passing of unqualified Emancipation—a painful and dangerous period for Catholics in these islands.

IV.

The bitterness with which the five million Irish Catholics of that time attacked the sixty or seventy thousand English Catholics was not confined to attacks on laymen. If the Irish could call their fellow-Catholics in England, "trimmers," "cringing,

cowering, complimenting," "animals who clamour for securities"—scurrility was, admittedly, more common then than now—if the poet, Phillips, could so far forget himself as to say of the Cisalpine liberals of his day: "How often have I seen them, their hands grasping the jug, and their minds the constitution, hiccuping confusion to Christ for the sake of the Church, and drowning their own memories out of compliment to King William's," let it be also remembered that the Father of Catholic Emancipation, O'Connell himself, could say of those of his own Irish bishops who supported the Veto:

"Who will this Protestant Minister appoint as bishop? *The man who can purchase the situation—perhaps for money—certainly for service.* And does any man imagine that the Catholic religion will prosper in Ireland, *if our prelates, instead of being what they are at present, shall become the servile tools of the administration?* They would then lose all respect for themselves, all respectability in the eyes of others; *they would be degraded to the station of excisemen and gaugers. . . . The ministerial bishops of Ireland would become like the constitutional bishops of France, one of the means of unCatholicising the land!*"

Let it also be remembered, with even more pertinence, that he could at once so belittle the influence of several centuries of traditional faith, and so soundly measure the force of Nationalist emotions, as to say, with solemn warning, that if such a hiatus between people and priests ever occurred, the people, "disgusted and dissatisfied," would be likely to join some other enthusiastic sect that "*might conciliate their ancient prejudices, and court their still living passions.*"

Bearing in mind that word from a wise man about ancient prejudices and living passions, and reinvoking all that melancholy atmosphere of dissension, and recrimination, and all that danger of political difference between pastors and people—is it not trifling with realities for some facile critics to try to soothe deep wounds, to-day, by sticking labels on those

who have other opinions about things social and political? Had ten-thousand critics called O'Connell an "anti-clerical" in 1813, or had ten thousand critics said he was not a Catholic, or had the Reverend Dr. Murray, who called the Vetoists "Judases," been echoed by ten thousand on the other side—would all that have helped in the slightest?

Did it help in the slightest?

Well, perhaps, it did. Perhaps it was a healthy thing for O'Connell and his men to throw the most opprobrious epithets at the bishops on the opposite side? But, in that case, observe the untenable position of those Irishmen, to-day, who try to brand opponents as "anti-clerical" for daring to differ with them who—forsooth!—claim to have the ear of the Vatican! Would these self-righteous Irish Catholics have been, in that case, on the side of Castlereagh in '98? Would they have gone over to the English "Protesting Dissenters" in the years that followed? Any man who holds, to-day, unpopular opinions on social or political matters may, I think, feel almost complimented by being called "anti-clerical" by such people. It is, thanks to them, that the English Hierachy to-day is feeling snubbed by the British Government, which has just refused to accept from them an address of loyalty to the Throne—on the grounds that the term Catholic has no legal force as used by them.

V.

There is a more important moral to be drawn from the historical precedent. The Church, thanks to O'Connell, holds to-day an equivocal position of great value. It is independent of political control. It is sufficiently endowed financially. It exerts just as much influence (in Ireland, only, I agree) as if it held direct political power. But all three aspects depend, for effectiveness, on the moral influence of the Church on the people.

Remove that moral influence—interrupt it by some new subject of dissension, political or social, and where are we? In Ireland there have been many such interruptions. The Veto was followed by the Fenians, the Fenians by the Parnell split, the Parnell split by the Irish Civil War. The influence of the Church to-day appears to be as great as ever. "*Appears.*" For can one be sure? There is in these interruptions of clerical influence a tradition of revolt by Irish left-wing nationalism. That nationalism to-day is republican, and strongly democratic; it is allied with Labour in politics; its social policy is alive and human and directed towards the poor; it is instinctively anti-Fascist. On the periphery of all this is Communist Republicanism. Meanwhile the opponents of this alignment are firmly associated with such church-snaffling bodies as the Knights of Columbanus, or the Irish Christian Front, against which that same nationalism is now expressing a definite prejudice and suspicion.

The Church in Ireland has, fortunately, in this crisis kept wisely aloof. The effort to snaffle it has failed, and not even the passions roused by the Spanish Civil War have succeeded in identifying the Church with either side. That is largely due to the fact that we happened to have in power a Government, in the strongest tradition of Irish Nationalism, which refused to be "rushed." No other Government—outside that old tradition of independence—could have afforded to hold such a position of impartiality. And it has been well both for Nationalism and for Catholicism.

It is now common knowledge in Ireland that even this cautious, and thoughtful periodical, has been submitted to a violent series of such attacks delivered in the name of religion. I submit that such attacks must—as in the piece of history I have recalled—boomerang on religion itself, as all attacks on the hard wall of Nationalist tradition have always done.

Such attacks are nothing but the effort to pre-empt the judicial approval of the Church in matters yet in the earliest

stages of necessary controversy. If deliberate they are scandalous attacks. If they are unpremeditated and unconsidered, most foolish. In either case they are most dangerous to that harmony that ought to exist between priests and people, and to the ascendancy of religion, which can only be achieved and maintained by both—either working together, or working separately in a condition of mutual respect.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

OWNERSHIP AND INDUSTRIALISM, ADDENDUM :—

¹ I think a footnote should suffice to comfort those independent workers who fear that their existence and their work is threatened. Provided such workers do not give themselves airs and claim privileges, either materially or socially, there is good reason for their protection and encouragement. Even in an industrial world there remain various useful crafts which are not properly amenable to mechanization or to centralised organisation. And in a world of production for use and a world run by the workers such crafts will tend to be increased in number rather than diminished. There is no cause for worry on this score—there will only be cause for worry if the independent craftsmen become obstructionists. Like the Christian Church, they have more to gain than to lose, even if for a time they should be completely eclipsed. As to the so-called “fine” arts—the lap-dog arts—the psychological exhibitionist arts—their eclipse would be all to the good and the sense of beauty could then grow again in its natural soil of production for use.

The vexed question of machinery also becomes easily soluble in a world in which the means of production are owned collectively by the workers. For, here again, we ask who has any right to decide such a question but those who use the machines? I am a workman, a tomb-stone maker. It is my ambition to make good tombstones for all who want such things. Who but I can, or should, decide whether the introduction of machinery would aid or hinder that ambition? So with all trades. Let the workers decide. The whole difficulty to-day resides in the fact that the decision is in the hands of the wrong people—the people whose only object is profits, whose reason of existence is profits, whose only idea of a reason for working is profits.—ERIC GILL.

FIRE OUT AT 10 P.M.

NOTHING is more infuriating than to be fired out of a pub at 10 p.m. It is the last thing one would have expected in a republic, in which, on the other hand, a vague training in Graeco-French politics has made the sentiment of liberty more important than liberty in habit. At 8 one is stupid from work and food ; at 9 there is still something else to do, at 9.30 it doesn't matter anyhow, but at 10 o'clock : when the slow good drink has made one reconciled, or peaceful or indifferent or ripe-humoured or any of the contraries to these sedatives to boredom ; and there is the all-important addition that one's social dignity, that most ample source of umbrage in men, need not be defended since the others are near boiled as well, then it is almost devastating to be rudely invaded by the barman's voice. And with what an invasion too ! with chronology which was invented for a help to discourse ; this recent slave-born science must stop the hand half-way to the mouth and freeze the laugh halfway across the face like a miserable hen mesmerised by a motor car. Conversation which is the communion between male minds, argument which, being separated from factual supervision has become the purest form of scientific curiosity, amusement which is a marvel because it enables the mind to show that it is two-faced, these, the grace of humanity, are blasted at the only time of the day they can flower. Everyone in the pub is very justly annoyed. Everyone is mad to have had his activities interrupted, and not only that, but worse ; he has been able to reach, through the leisure and meditation of the quiet pint, a part of his being that seems to play about in freedom ; he is enjoying it in reverence as the personality at last, possessed, and he is right, he has found something shy and valuable ; and what happens ? The law, something no one can see any good reason for, hops in from

nowhere like a golfball among sheep. and like sheep he has to hoof it with the others, to end in a dull arrested spasm on the street, which is a quite different kind of place.

Why was I thrown out? Because the Law says so, There are two interpretations of the source of law. One, supported by the house-timid snarges who regard with pleasure the in-offensive discomfiture of the poor devils thrown out on the street, would say that the Law is a body of rules made by the Government for our moral benefit. Asked what our moral benefit might be, they would prose around about a lot of things I couldn't understand, and if I said that much, they would intone what I know perfectly well already, that morals are necessary to keep you from doing things too much in case you might get in the way of someone else who was doing something too much. But they would not be able to show what all this had to do with my finishing my drink at ten o'clock. If I said, and I would say it with all the politeness due to their superiority in number, that I didn't know anyone in the Government and wondered therefore why they should interfere with me or how the hell they should suppose themselves qualified to know what was good for me, they would say that I had elected it, that it represented my will. I never elected any Government. But apart from that it is quite clear that a Parliament is the collection of the persons in the country who are most empty of intelligence and instinctive riches. A candidate for election is chosen from the local political club. The members of the club in a democratic country, where all opinions are shaded, anodyne, watery and tolerant, are the blaa and windbags of the town, since it is an axiom that no intelligent man will interest himself in politics—except during a revolution when society is being constructed—not policed. This club chooses its candidate who is bound by the hypocrisy of his having to tack about among all the worthless envies and ambitions so as to gather a little of the favour of each member, to be the most agile compromiser, the most cynical conjurer of principles and reason of them all. How

can this idiot or trickster thrown up by the lack of decision of a group be said to represent a will? Especially when the group itself, the cumann, represents the community's lack of will, passionate interest being absent; for the will cannot fasten on a void. The candidate then is elected; he goes and sits in his blessed seat where he is promptly biffed on the head and put to sleep with his mouth shut for the rest of the session unless he is a stentor who can be made into a Minister tough enough to give out the sales-patter day after day. But this is absurd? The Ministers at least look after the administration of the country which in a complicated society like ours, etc.? Of course; and very well; they make logarithms of little rules about traffic, roads, cattle, that sort of thing, very well. But if I go into a pub at twenty-five past two and have a drink, I have to swallow it before half-past. But if I buy a sandwich, I can drink after half-past. Evidently then, it's not drinking that's wrong, it's buying the drink. But I can come in after half-past and buy a drink provided I take it away with me. I can't drink it on the publican's premises; though I can drink it on the street which is public premises. And if my friend comes in after half-past while I am drinking and eating my sandwich, he can't have a drink though he can have a sandwich. Such an absurd contretemps is not the will of either of us. Or the hotel dances where the licensing regulations are arranged so that the bar opens and shuts like a kaleidoscope: you can't keep your head clear.

All through the society of pubs, bars and lounges there is the use of words against these interferences with normal pleasure. But it is amorphous and unorganised, with here and there a farseeing one who desires from the irony of his impotence the rise of a public opinion for the defence of the primary physical needs which could very easily be forgotten in the scramble after ideals and metaphysical justifications. Whether or not it is a good thing, the mass of the Irish have absorbed the emotions of libertarianism, the fetish of independence: if

they could only be let express, as they feel, that liberty is more really possessed and better recognised when exercised in the habits and things of a country than when dreaming apart in the cloudy self-deceptions of constitutions and faked-up national languages. Myths like these may have been necessary in the last century to whip up some courage among us, but they can be no longer of much reality. Briefly when the pubs speak through medium intoxication, they speak the truth about drink ; and their disaffection against the régime here is only one of many against the many idiotic avoidable repressions. It is to be demanded not only : Why can't I finish my drink in comfort ? But : Why can't I read this book if I want to, seeing that servant-girls have their literature ? Why am I prevented from seeing that film ? Because it would harm your children. But I am not my child. Why can't I play the game I want to ; why should nationalism make my athletics ascetic ? Why if I love, should I be threatened with dogmas or laws or some such sourgrape organised spite so that the very houses as I hurry along by night seem my policemen ? And the black powers that simper seamily about our streets, those comfortable death chemists ! Who told them to ? Who told them to tell me ?

Of course we know why. It is because a lot of blimps get together in corners all over the country and lay one idea, an idea always the same with different appearances—keep the others from doing something they like. We are ruled by tiny groups, the Gaelic League, the Pioneers, the Aquinas Study Circles, Muintir na Tíre, the Sodalitarians, the Rotarians, the Scholarship-awarding County Councils and an unpleasant coagulate mess of vigorous old maids, paranoiacs in knickerbockers, and religious psychopathics all scared of something shrieking and headlining and censoring, passing resolutions. In another country they would be stood up on a soap-box in the people's park for the amusement of Sunday strollers. Here they have influence and get their way.

“ Make a new world, ye powers divine !
Stock'd with nothing else but Wine :
Let Wine its only product be,
Let Wine be earth, and air, and sea—
And let that Wine be all for me ! ”

It is unfortunate for the easeful development of the country that the stage of conscious materialism has not been absorbed and made native with us long ago, so we wouldn't have to waste time working out a standard of living. Good food and drink and attractive clothes are important and freedom to get them when you like. So are girl friends and boy friends and freedom from canting elders. Books and tobacco and the pictures and comfortable houses are good too : it is a little disproportionate that people who haven't got them should sneer at them. Let's not listen any more for a while to the revivalists. We have political freedom now ; it's an awesome thought that we may have to wait for seven hundred more years for the other freedoms.

SORLEY B. CAROLAN

tuireadh na mban do theasduis uaimh

1 gcéad, agus 1 b'fior-céad, do François Villon.

Aicris uait cá bfuil sí a-nocht—
Craob, o b'rogh na banna ar ruaig,
A cúl do tuis le n-a leas,
Sur ling tré'n eas 'san mairóm ruaib;
Sin, nó 'n glór síde ó mhuig Meil,
Connta 1 gcurac ar sreib glé,
'S art 'na donar 1 sío truim—
Acht cá 'fuil rian an luin ar ghéig?

Cá bfuil doibheall, cá bfuil niamh;
Déar-ghol gormflait,—a's niall fa fód?
Bláchnaio déadla ó lios mic lir
Doipe an fill, Muireann a's mór?
'S mar sin, cá bfuil Coblaig éiar,
"Port-Trí-Namáo"—ciall ba clé!
Ar Dearb'forgiaill, damna ar n-uile?—
Acht cá 'fuil rian an luin ar ghéig?

Cá 'uil an béit tuis toct na smól
Ead' an dá doirde 1 n'ghó b'is;
Mairgréas éile a riarad slóig,
No 'n bean 'san Róim, má's cumain lib?
'S an ingean Dub go heas ruaib
Do casad uair ó ile 1 gcéin,
Cá mbéidís uile, a óig na gcliar?—
Acht cá 'fuil rian an luin ar ghéig?

an ceangal.

'S a énú cléib, ní beas duit ceist
Cár tárla a dteist, 'ndiu nó noé;
Leor do'n eolac an no' riamh—
Cá bfuil rian an luin ar ghéig?

feoilimíó ó maolcraoibe,
o'aicris.

LEAVE-TAKING

"RUN down to your Uncle Robert's with the paper. You mightn't get a chance of seeing him before you go away."

Colm loved to go to his Uncle Robert's. Robert always told him yarns and sometimes Aunt Maggie gave him a farl of warm potato bread with butter oozing across it. He brought Rover with him and went in his bare feet. He had a half-penny for sweets, so he cut down to the right-angular row of houses that was the island village, called in the shop, and took the loose stony road along by the sea. Around him walls of limestone hedged the shingly fields, and yellow, wizened rocks stretched long arms into the sea. This part of the island, he often told himself, was white; his own place was grey, because of the rocky hills; and his Uncle Robert's black, because of the lake and the stones that came out of it.

Rover sniffed at a black beetle that was tumbling over the sharp stones on the road; and, bending down, Colm barred its way with a twig, amused to see it climb with its thready legs and then curl itself up, pretending to be dead. He smiled at its cunning, and gently turned it on its back, where its thin legs wriggled wildly. "You're not dead, now!" he said aloud, as he prodded it with the twig. Its back was covered with grit and it lay perfectly still. He scooped out a small channel in the loose pebbles and left it to escape.

The road climbed gradually out of the village, up into the hills, where the air was clear and cool. Here he could see Fair Head and dark Knocklayde bulging strangely near. Away beyond that lovely mountain he would soon be going to Belfast, and as he looked at its cold, sodden folds, he wondered if he would be able to see it from the town.

Standing on a hill facing the road which he had ascended, his eye took in the long, crooked arm of the island; white houses with their backs stuck into the hills; the East Lighthouse like a brooding gull on the cliff-top; and far away over a grey sea a fleet of clouds moored to the cheerless hills of Scotland. He turned away like one looking on it for the last time, and slowly his head disappeared behind the hill that held in its lap his Uncle's cottage.

As he drew near he saw the hens about the open door, a

bucket lying on its side, and a brush against the window. But no smell of baking bread came to him. Maggie was turning a heel in a sock, and got up when he came in.

"That's a brave day, Colm," she said. "Just go on down to the room; Robbie didn't stir a fut the day; the rain in the mornin' scared him."

Propped up in the bed was Uncle Robert, his forehead seamed with dirt, a woollen shirt on him, and his scapulars round his neck. He was rubbing a hand over his bald head when Colm entered with the paper.

"Och, och, is it you?" he said. "Am glad to see you. My pains were that bad I didn't budge the day. . . . Am watchin' them thieves of swans that's after comin' to the lake. They'll not leave a pick of feedin' for the ducks."

Colm looked through the four-paned window at the three swans sailing near the house. One of the swans ducked its neck under the water, its tail in the air wagging, and its black feet almost above the surface. It came up with a long, green weed dripping from its bill.

"Aw, but that's the thief for you," said Robert, shaking his fist at it. "A hould you them buggers are from Scotland."

Near the swans Robert's ducks paddled amongst the black stones, and above them on the short grass sprawled a grey shirt with its sleeves pegged down with stones. The swans moved towards a little bay which was yellowed with chaff from an emptied bed-tick. The chaff gathered on their wet feathers as they made tracks in the yellow scum. Colm watched them for a while and then sat on the bed without saying anything.

Robert's woollen shirt was open at the neck and as he bent over the paper there could be seen blue mast-tips of a full-rigged ship tattooed across his chest.

"Is there anything in the paper the day?" he asked, as his cordy arms opened it out. "D'ye know I can't see a stime without my glasses. Maggie! Where's my glasses?"

Maggie brought him a pair, their legs mended with white twine.

As Robert scanned the paper Colm sat gazing around the familiar room, crammed with old trunks and boxes. Patched trousers hung by their braces from a dinged knob on the bed, and under a chair lay Robert's clayey boots with corn-holes cut out in the toes. On the mantelpiece he saw for the hundredth time an old dusty piece of palm leaning like a feather out of a white vase, and, beside it, lying on its side a green bottle

containing a ship in full sail. It was always a puzzle to Colm to know how the ship was got through the neck of the bottle, and everytime he asked his uncle, the only replies he got were a fit of laughing and: "Think it out, boy; it's simple if you think it out." He was wondering now if his uncle would tell him and he ready to go away from the island in a week's time.

"God-a-god, would you look at that poor craythure," interrupted Robert, tilting the paper towards him so that he could see the photo of an old Tyrone woman, aged 104.

"If she doesn't die soon she'll turn into a crow," he added giving the paper a smack.

Just then Maggie came down to the room with a mug of tea and three pieces of bread balanced on the mouth of it. As Colm chewed the bread she leaned over Robert's shoulder glancing at the paper, and arranging the pillows at his back.

"Hm, there's quare wickedness in the world," she says, addressing a photograph of Bangor girls in bathing suits. "Look at them bold heelers, and not as much clothes on them as'd dust-a flute!"

"Woman, dear," Robert turned to her sharply. "Don't meddle with me when I'm readin'; leave me in peace, and I'll send it up to ye in a wheen o' minutes."

"Aw, but that's the cross man for you, Colm. He's as cantankerous as a clockin' hen when he doesn't get the air."

Colm smiled. They always seemed to be fighting; yet he felt there was a great oneness between them. He recalled an evening, not long ago, that Robert took the queer wild notion to fish from the rocks by himself. And how Maggie had come up to the house crying and lamenting: "He'll be killed and drowned this very night. An old man like that with no eyes in his head and no foot under him; he'll slip on them rocks. Go down, Colm, and keep an eye on him." And later how Robert roared at her when he found her coming to look for him, to help him home, as if he were a drunk man. The recollection brought a smile to Colm's eyes as he sat with the empty tea-mug in his hand and Rover begging up at him for more bread.

"It bates all, the number of words in that paper and nothing in it," said Robert, closing his glasses. "A body'd be better keepin' his penny; but, all the same, ye like to get it, afeard ye'd be missing' something. Och, och, but it's queer the notions we have whiles . . . And you'll be going away soon. It's sad to see so many young people leavin' the island and none comin' back. There'll soon be nothin' on the island only rabbits—

with nobody marryin', the ould dying', and the young goin' away."

From that he drifted into telling about the time he himself left the island, the towns he was in and the boats he stokered to India. And now and again he sat straight up in the bed and bent his arms like a boy showing off his muscles, and shot them out again with great force.

"I was a tight one in me day, a tight fella. And look at me now, Colm, a done man with my blood dryin' up and the dregs of it clogged with grit and dirt—a body can't get a night's rest with it. God forgive me, but a man'd be better dead when his blood's astray and no comfort in his body. Whiles I think the roof's leakin' when I feel the swirls of air about my head. But it's the blood, Colm, all dried up from stokerin' them bloody boats to Indya. Only for the ould pipe," lowering his voice now, "and Maggie, the craythure, I'd be a lonely ould man."

Colm's hand rested on the bed-clothes and old Robert gripped it tightly.

"Whisper, Colm, yer goin' away soon. Listen to me, son; pay heed to an ould battered man. Say yer prayers when yer young; it's then ye love life and if ye give a bit of yer time to God 'tis better than givin' a big bit when yer old. D'ye hear me? It's hard to restore an ould limpy ship."

A scorching sensation came into the boy's throat as he listened to the quavering voice of the old man, and he turned his head to the window. A wet light seeped out of the sodden sky shining weakly on the black lake water and whitening the sailing swans.

The hand gripped more tightly his own and he blinked his eyes and gave a nervous little laugh.

"And whisper, Colm, put yer heart in the work; if the heart's not there the work's no good . . . Deed troth, we'll miss you."

They fell silent. A wet sun shone into the room, splintered in a thousand pieces upon the lake, and withdrawing its light, lost itself in a bundle of clouds. Colm lowered his head and stretched out a hand to the dog who licked it and jumped joyously on to the bed.

"Get down out o' that or ye'll have the place full of fleas," shouted Robert. "Maybe now he'd hunt the swans for us. Give him a race at them for we'll have a flood of rain before long."

Colm and Rover went out. Along the edges of the lake the water was greyed and wrinkled by a little breeze, but the

middle reflected the yellow glow of the sky. A wet-gold light dripped from the clouds and a clammy air breathed against his bare legs. The queer light frightened him as he screwed up his eyes to watch scattered gulls flying high and silent. The dog barked and the swans slid out from the edge breaking the ripples and leaving a smooth trail behind them. He threw a stick into the water and the dog splashed noisily after it.

One of the swans rose heavily, and with loud flaps from their wings and white splashes from the water the others followed. Necks a-strain they circled the lake and as they flew low over the cottage old Robert heard with delight the *bing-bing* of their powerful wings. Sadly Colm watched them flying northward, while the dog jumped around him barking with joy.

"He done that well; he's a good dog," said the Uncle, when they came in again. "But keep him outside or he'll dreep the place."

Colm stood in the middle of the floor, his legs apart, and his eyes on the green bottle on the mantelpiece. He lifted it and looked at the schooner inside, turning the bottle with a perplexed look.

"Uncle Robert, are you not going to tell me how you got the ship in the bottle?"

The bed creaked with the laughing. "Ask yer clever town boyos when you meet them; they'll tell you how."

"Ach go on and tell us!"

Robert laughed the more, and Colm questioned Maggie. "Deed, child, sure if I knew I'd tell you. I'm thinkin' the ould codger doesn't know himself."

Robert closed one eye cunningly and stuck out his crinkled tongue at them.

"It's little you have to do but to be tormentin' childer," said Maggie. "None of yer nonsense and tell the poor child how to get a ship in a bottle."

"Are you tryin' to get it out of me, too? It's a secret, woman, a secret! And Robert McCurdy, Rathlin, the County of Antrim, would be known the world over if he let it out. The black niggers of Indya and the yella Chinamen of China would give me a fortune for it. I've sailed and stoked boats the world over. And did I tell my secret?" He points his finger at them. "No!" and finished with a loud laugh.

"Good God, would you listen to him, and not as much in his pocket as'd buy an ounce of tobacco."

Maggie went up to the kitchen, and Uncle Robert and Colm

sat looking through the window at the sky swirling with ragged clouds and the lake growing mysterious and cold.

"That's a wicked, festerin' sky," put in Robert. "You'd better sit and take your ease for there'll be a quare blatter of thunder and a shockin' shower."

A cold draught flowed into the room. It grew dark and the room cowered. A cheap watch ticked loudly from a nail in the wall and a few scales of rain glistened on the window. Lightning jiggled in the house and Maggie rushed into the room and sat on the edge of the bed. She blessed herself as thunder crackled over the scraw of a roof and rain fell battering on the bucket.

Robert turned his back on them and coiled himself in the bed-clothes, drawing great comfort from the rods of sound.

"Whistle to me when it's over. Hm, afraid of a spoonful of rain and a chopstick of thunder. Aw the storms I seen in the Indya Ocean and the rain—Monsoons, they called them; ye'd think the ocean was turned upside down."

Maggie clicked her teeth and shook her head with disdain. She was thinking of the shirt at the edge of the lake and the eggs under the hen in the box; they'd be ruined now; not a bird would be left in one of them.

Colm's eyes were steady with fear as he listened to the brattling thunder. His mind followed a line of swans flying through the rain and beating cold sprays from their wings; then in a flash he saw the white stony road passing lonesomely by the grey-drenched cottages; the grit being washed from the bettle's back, and water plaiting itself in the pebbly channel he had made in the road.

The thunder grumbled and barged as it sped over the sea towards Scotland. Sheep bleated from the hills and the lake clopped on the stones.

Colm got up to go and Maggie sent him out for a cabbage leaf, as she had some fresh butter for his mother.

The garden was dark with rain and the black soil squelched up between his toes. Shining puddles lay in the furrows and rain freckled the cabbage leaves; when he broke off a leaf it creaked like new leather and the drops rattled off it like pebbles. He stood up and looked towards the north and thought of the swans flying through the wet mists of the mountains and their black feet alighting in the cold water of a Scottish lough.

It was dusk when he left the cottage, a pair of hand-knit socks for himself in his pocket and the butter snail-cold in the cabbage leaf under his arm. He hurried and took the road. The dog panted by his side, and the night cool air, soft as the

touch of a child's balloon, fluttered against his cheek. He splashed in the rain puddles here and there on the road, and all the time his mind kept thinking of the ship in the bottle and his Uncle with the gritty blood ; but as the thickening darkness hardened the hills and brightened the speckled stars, he became afraid. Rocks and bushes took queer shape, while in front lights glimmered in the scattered homes and the lighthouse revolved spokes of light in the darkness.

Passing by an empty house he whistled loudly ; frightened rabbits thudded out of danger and the dog raced after them. As he drew near home he began to run. He halted when he reached the door. The square of light in the window and the noise of his mother talking brought his courage back. ; And looking around now at the ships' lights far out at sea, he thought again of the dusty green bottle on the mantelpiece and the swans pushing into the shelter of rushes in the night-grey waters of a lonely lough.

MICHAEL MCLAVERTY

LETTER OF THE MONTH

INTER-MARRIAGE

I CAME to live in Ireland nine years ago and I was greatly impressed by the general weakness of all the cottage people here ; I tried to help but got more and more depressed with the hopelessness of the task. Women weeping over their children, who seemed to be suffering from so many queer nervous complaints. Mothers of families either becoming insane or consumptive, and so on, and then I heard from friends that this state of things is prevalent all over Ireland, and I was told better housing would work wonders in the health of the people. It was not until I read a book on Evolution last year that the truth suddenly dawned on me that the bottom of all the trouble was *constant inter-marriage*. In the book it bewailed the fact about the British Isles ; but serious as the question may be on the other side of the water it can be nothing to what it is in the Irish Free State, and, what is horrible to contemplate, MATTERS WILL GET STEADILY WORSE. Politicians never look ahead further than the next election, but we have to look ahead centuries, and, in fact, if the present policy of strict Isolation is carried out and people bottled up in this small spot and almost hermetically sealed in, in another 100 years race suicide will have taken place, and the people all insane and degenerate. Try this experiment in a farmyard and see the results : a pool without a constant rush of fresh water into it, and out of it, becomes *stagnant*. Nature is an exacting mistress and demands toll of any artificial obstructions of her laws, which cannot be broken with impunity. We see high tariffs raising walls all around this small Free State and keeping out strangers. Emigration is discouraged and country local industries are going to further chain people down to the one spot. Already parishes are one big family : every one related to another, and if they do move away a little they only meet others suffering from some congenital weakness in their family. Isolation means Death. The population is a little over 3 million. Deduct old people, children, celibates, and unfit, it would leave less than a million marriageable people. Even if they were all mixed up there would be danger, but if they merely continue to marry their next-door neighbours the end must come, and already we have only to look around to-day at the appalling amount

of congenital weakness and disease. Hospitals and asylums and sanatoriums are overflowing and more and more will have to be built. The cost to the country will be stupendous. Poverty and underfeeding are taking their toll. The better-off classes do not marry early and, therefore, have small families. Priests and nuns are celibate, and only the very poorest and weakest, mentally and physically, increase and multiply. Look around in the mountain and country districts and see the numbers of cases of idiocy and congenital weaknesses among young and old. Many of these abnormal people are at large as there are not sufficient institutions to hold them or money to keep them, and they all bear children, to be a further burden on the State.

To illustrate this I can only quote the notorious family of Jukes in the U.S.A., which illustrates what the cost of even one undesirable family to the State can be :—

“ There were six sisters, and the descendants of five of them produced 540 descendants who all lived in the same isolated district ; 162 of the women were harlots, 23.5 per cent. of the children illegitimate, 20 per cent. of the males and 13 per cent. of the females need out-door relief, 9.5 per cent. of the females and 13 per cent. of the males almshouse relief, 50 were convicted criminals, 50 were prostitutes, and 40 spreading disease. There were 250 arrests and trials. The direct cost to the State in 1874 was over a million and a quarter dollars. Forty-two years later the study of this family was brought up-to-date. The record was almost the same, but a slight improvement had been made, due to the fact that some of them had left the country and a scattering of the family had taken place. Admixture of alien blood had improved the Jukes' family, but at the expense of other families.”

Only a perpetual inflow of strangers into a country and constant emigration can possibly save it from degeneration. Mistaken sentiment, ideals and legislation can only lower the stamina of the race and finally exterminate it. If there is real patriotism there should be strenuous efforts on the part of our doctors and health officers to open people's eyes before it is too late, and every effort made to build up a *mixed* and a strong virile race and, above all, a sane progeny. Historians can tell us when people settled down and were left undisturbed that they may have increased in civilisation and the high arts and culture, but, becoming effete, they have weakened and collapsed, and were eventually driven out by stronger virile races from outside. Nature's never changing law, is destruction of

the weak and ever building up of the strong. Germany is now trying the experiment of a pure Aryan race ; but she has a population of 50 million, and being placed in the centre of Europe must have an ever-shifting population and influx of aliens. But even Germany cannot afford to challenge Nature. There is no such thing as a "*pure* race," only the remains of one that is dying out. Good housing cannot stamp out disease. Some of the oldest families in Europe have been rotten and yet they lived in palaces and had every luxury. A judge recently here pointed out the rapid increase in juvenile crime. This is abnormal and a warning that degeneracy is setting in. Stern facts *must* be faced, and the sooner this small island seeks reforms the better.

BEATRIX DUNALLEY

ART

MONEY

If gentle Pilate had asked : " What is Art ? " instead of the comparatively simple question : " What is Truth ? " he might be still waiting for a satisfactory answer. Even Mr. Eric Gill, who has unhesitatingly dubbed the artist a parasite, has not cleared the air very much. He will admit that many a fungus has a bewitching colour and may even own to a weakness for mushroom ketchup. This elliptical gambit is meant to pave the way for introducing the bourgeois subject of money. Perish the thought that Art should be concerned in any way with cash. The artist himself is, we all know, entirely indifferent to the material side of his profession and contentedly munches his crust in the intervals of producing those masterpieces which delight his grosser brethern. He is, however, sufficiently human to be gratified by recognition, and since, in the present deplorable organisation of society, the only criterion of the artist's worth is the market price of his wares, it must be a consolation to him to find that the cash value of his work has appreciated in his own life-time and that while he is still busily labouring in his garret, the public is prepared to pay twice the original price for work done a few years ago.

This is the astonishing lesson to be learned from the sale of the late Canon Dempsey's property at Clontarf, the first occasion within memory when a fairly representative collection of modern Irish paintings and sculpture was dispersed by public auction. Canon Dempsey possessed works by many living artists, including (in discreet alphabetical order) Craig, Henry, Keating, Lavery, Leech, McGonagil, Power, Whelan and Yeats. Save, perhaps, for Mr. Whelan, who suffers from being a highly successful portrait painter, and who contributed to the collection two charming pictures of a kind seen too rarely from his hand, painted obviously for the artist's own pleasure, none of these men was particularly well represented. Nevertheless, with one exception, the subject of which was possibly not secular enough to appeal generally, the works realised prices which must have staggered the artists. It is no exaggeration to say that one could approach any of these gentlemen, as Canon Dempsey did, and obtain from them works as good or better at half the price.

There is a moral or two concealed somewhere in this. It plainly pays, in the most sordid sense, to buy the works of Irish artists. Human nature being what it is, it seems that patrons are not content to acquire works of art solely for the pleasure to be had from them ; they demand in addition a sound investment, and apparently the works of living Irish artists are capable of yielding profits other than aesthetic.

Perhaps another lesson to be learned from this sale is that the public is a little nervous of its own judgments, while prepared to accept blindly the verdicts of an accepted connoisseur. This is a pity, and it may be well to remark that Canon Dempsey was not the most discriminating collector in the world,

and was possessed of no more than the average taste or acumen. Every one of the artists represented in his collection is capable of much better things, and persons of ordinary intelligence venturing to acquire their works may be reasonably sure that they will not find themselves burdened with pot-boilers of which they will weary in a few years.

Besides the works of living artists, there were pictures by Osborne, Hone and Tuohy, and a few others. Hone rarely comes on the market, and this was a particularly fine one, far better than most of those exhibited in our galleries. The artist probably never sold a picture in his lifetime, and this example fetched £60. The fine portrait of James Stephens the novelist (late Curator of our National Gallery), by Tuohy, was bought for £50. Poor Tuohy sold this painting for £15. Canon Dempsey paid £25 for it and later refused £250. Pictures by Tuohy are extremely rare, his production being limited by the blood and sweat he put into his work; the National Gallery has no example; but, doubtless in years to come they will acquire this one, at a greatly enhanced price from the present owner or his descendants.

Osborne is really too important to be dismissed in a paragraph. Among Irish painters he shares with O'Connor the honour of having his name forged, and quite a number of sweet little water-colours have appeared of recent years bearing his signature. This arises from the fact that a certain gifted amateur (also deceased) had a manner faintly similar to Osborne in that medium. In oil Osborne is hard to mistake; but some shameless attempts have been made to saddle him with putative parenthood in that medium also. Canon Dempsey's examples were all authentic and not very remarkable. The best of them were the unfinished painting called "The Young Anglers" and the badly cracked sketch for "Milking Time." The smaller pictures were rather overpainted, but all had something of Osborne's charm. There is an untroubled serenity about his work, an innocent peace, which seems to belong to a world, a pre-war world, where it is always morning—and it surely is more than accident that the figures of children appear so often in his pictures.

Osborne is in the peculiar position of having achieved popularity despite the critics, and if all the art critics in the world were to condemn him to-morrow, the people of Dublin, at least, would still fight for his pictures, and they would be right. The time is opportune (when is it not?) for a loan exhibition of Osborne's work. Our young painters might learn many a valuable lesson from such an exhibition, and your reviewer be afforded the opportunity to spread himself on a subject dear to his heart.

JOHN DOWLING

MUSIC

FREE STATE BROADCASTING

The publication of the profits earned by the Department of Posts and Telegraphs for the year 1935-1936 brings again to mind the treatment meted out by the Department to its subsidiary, Broadcasting. If Posts and Telegraphs were having difficulty in balancing the departmental budget, one could, at least, understand the penurious doling out of small change to an establishment of such educational importance as Broadcasting; but the knowledge that profit for the year mentioned comes out at £350,000, leaves no shred of excuse for this mean commercialism.

Along with other critics, I have, from time to time, made my protests, and have tried to show that the present unsatisfactory state of our Broadcasting service is caused, firstly, by poverty—a poverty dictated by a Department that has no sympathy with the cultural aspects of Broadcasting, that looks upon it merely as a source of revenue and places it upon the same commercial footing as postage-stamps and telephones; and, secondly, by the imposition upon the service of a system of organization completely unsuited to its needs.

Taking into consideration all the revenue accruing from licences, commercial broadcasting, duties upon imported wireless sets and so on, income from the Free State Broadcasting service must amount to something like £100,000 annually. Half of this is handed back for the provision of a broadcasting service, the balance slips quietly into departmental tills . . . only the impolite will enquire regarding its ultimate destination and cast doubt upon the ethical nature of the transaction. One can but deplore the present system of making cost, not worth, the determining factor in programme production—such determination being mainly within the province of two commercial departments, Posts and Telegraphs and Finance. If the full and complete direction of Broadcasting were in the hands of the Broadcasting executive, then, with output as it is, one might justly complain of inefficiency, but, as I have said, any opinions the latter may have regarding the worth and suitability of programmes do not matter very much, the determining factor is cost and ultimately such determination does not lie within the province of the Broadcasting executive. With a meagre allowance of fifty thousand pounds, they are expected to cover establishment costs and programme charges. That such cheap programmes do not stagger humanity by their virtuosity is hardly a matter of surprise, and, sympathy is due the executive, perhaps, in their attempt to make bricks without straw and with a modicum of clay bought in the cheapest possible market.

G.B.S., writing somewhere upon the subject of "Democracy," has suggested that it is hardly common-sense to believe that forty-million idiots are collectively any saner than one lone idiot. Following out the same line of thought one might have a hope that an improvement could be wrought in the work of the Free State Broadcasting service if plenary powers were invested in one

man ; but when the utter imbecility of the system imposed upon the service is understood, such hope is seen to be a vain thing.

A consideration of the status of the Irish Radio Orchestra provides a good example of this imbecility. In other articles I have dealt with the inadequacy, in numbers, of this orchestra for its own functions and do not propose to discuss the matter further here ; but I would like to devote a few words to considering, for instance, the terms of engagement of this orchestra. Members of this orchestral combination are engaged by annual audition, receive a flat rate of pay (women performers being paid less than men), for a maximum week of twenty-four hours, with overtime for extra work ; contracts are for twelve months and may be terminated by a week's notice on either side. Such terms, superficially read, seem to be quite sensible, but, in practice, one sees that no blunder possible to chuckle-headed fatuity has been omitted.

First, the auditions held are solo-auditions, which prove one thing, and one thing only, where a high technical ability is required, the possession or lack of nerve. Anyone knowing the nerve-tension of such audition will agree that the more sensitive a musician, the poorer his chances of weathering such ordeal satisfactorily. A short five or ten-minute solo sight-reading test proves nothing of any worth for choosing orchestral players, for it is the latter's business to play concerted music under certain orchestral conditions, and, an outstanding ability as a soloist, an asset in such audition, will quite often be a serious liability in a combination where the soloist-sense must be held in check. Again, it has been my own experience, and that of most others, that true musicianship is nearly always in inverse ratio to the power of sight-reading ; I mean, that really excellent sight-readers are rarely anything but sight-readers—no matter how long standing the acquaintance between such performer and his work, he is always sight-reading. But while some sort of, defence may be put up, possibly, for engaging new members by audition, what I wonder, is the sense of making established members of an established orchestra give annual auditions ? Here are people, who have played together every night for twelve months, being asked to prove their ability, when such ability or lack of it has been already more than adequately shown . (I presume, too, that if the work of any member were not satisfactory, such member's services would have been dispensed with under the week's-notice clause). The matter is fully appreciated only when put on an every-day business footing. It is much the same as if a builder dismissed all his plasterers, saying : " Your plastering work for the past twelve months has been eminently satisfactory. Please come back next week, as I shall have some paid judges here then, and I am anxious to find out if you know anything about this plastering business. It does not make sense. (The State provides accommodation for people who do not make sense but the problems arising out of the segregation of Government departments, en bloc, hardly come within the ambit of my consideration as a music critic.) As I say, annual auditions are imposed upon the members of the established orchestra—annual solo-auditions. Perhaps it is believed

that by a lack of security, by depriving musicians of any surety regarding future bread, even without butter, by such means musicians will be rendered more soulful. This is an error, for it must be admitted that musicians, even the most soulful of them, still show a base inclination towards following old habits of eating and so on at odd times. But this lack of security, of permanence is a very serious matter, as the Irish Radio Orchestra is the only "permanent" orchestra in the Free State. An orchestra if it is to reach to any heights in performance must be an established orchestra, for its excellences will always be of slow growth, through years. Even though annual auditions may not result in any change of personnel, their effect is to emphasize all the features of impermanence. I am not suggesting that performers engaged when twenty years of age should be retained until "giddy with their hundredth year," but that something more permanent than yearly contracts should be offered—and this not for the sake of the musicians, but for the sake of the orchestra.

The members of the orchestra are paid a flat rate, five pounds weekly for men, four pounds for women. Here, indeed, is a pretty muddle! It means that there is no financial recognition of responsibility—or, logically thought out, it means that section leaders with grave responsibilities are paid less than the players they lead—due consideration being given, in such logic, to the extra weight of work undertaken by leaders. While this is bad enough when a man leads a section, it is worse when a woman is a section-leader, for, even with the added responsibility of her post, she is still paid twenty per cent. less for her services than the poorest male musician in the orchestra. I am not making any special plea for the woman musician, but pointing out the unsuitability of the system imposed upon Broadcasting services by outside government departments, who may excel in the usual paper shuffling connected with their own affairs, but are merely stupid when they interfere in the affairs of what is to them an unknown world. Again such payment by flat rate leaves out of consideration the cost of instruments. A string instrument, costing ten pounds, may sound quite satisfactorily in the hands of a good player, while his next door neighbour, a wood-wind player, may have had to expend ten times that money to procure the first-class instruments stipulated in his contract. Yet, both are paid the same salary, even if the wood-wind player is a section leader and the string-player not.

Twenty-four hours' work each week, with overtime for extra duties, reads quite reasonable on paper; but in practice the matter assumes another aspect. It seems to be taken as an axiom that since the orchestra is paid for twenty-four hours' work, its entertainment value is twenty-four hours a week. No objection could possibly be made to the many programme appearances of this orchestra if its performances were mainly concerned with "production" work, if every time we "tuned in" we could hear something of merit—which, of course, pre-supposes long and arduous rehearsal; but as the orchestra is used to the full twenty-four hours, and to fill as much programme space as may be

allotted it, without outraging common decency, as it is used for filling programme gaps at every cut and turn—really like a penny-in-the-slot piano in an ice-cream saloon—its work has degenerated into a routine appearance each night, with a singer of sometimes dubious ability, to, as it were, “dress the window.” This orchestra really does deserve more considered use than this—its work, when away from those wretched studios, being remarkably good. I am not sanguine that any improvement will come as long as the present system of organization prevails in the service. As to overtime, I am really curious to know how often such has been paid, when earned, for I have an idea that a particularly large gun would be requisite for the purpose of screwing any overtime money out of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs. Such an idea may be wrong, of course, but I have a shrewd suspicion that musical purses will never be bloated with overtime money, even if earned. Such payment is not a question, even, of justice or injustice, but of stipulated contract terms.

I am not concerned with any grievances the orchestra may have outside stipulated contract terms—the lack of medical benefits, the ten-shilling fee paid them for solo broadcasts, which might be construed more an affront than a payment, but I am concerned with the general establishment of the orchestra. Upon this combination, more than any other, falls the task of educating our people orchestrally, and any educational approach to the people is surely handicapped enough, by matters outside departmental control, without having such approach further handicapped by blundering and penurious officialdom. For such education only the best possible is tolerable; and while penuriousness may be understandable in a back-street huxter’s shop, it should have no place in any cultural undertaking whether supported directly by the people’s money—as is the case with broadcasting—or not. One does not like to use the word, “peculation” in this matter of the destination of funds derived from broadcasting sources, but I fail to see any justification, ethically, for the sequestration for other purposes of revenue extracted as a profit from undertakings financed by direct public payment.

I have written, first, about the orchestra and its terms of engagement, because this body has immense cultural possibilities, small, even, as it is, and neither itself nor its work should be hampered by departmental fatuity; and because its terms of engagement, etc., give one example of the muddle created by imposing a leisurely system of organization—adequate, perhaps, to a government department where routine is the basis of functioning—upon a service like Broadcasting where routine is the thing that must be avoided at all costs. And, perhaps, the thing to say here is, that in broadcasting routine can be avoided only at all costs.

(To be continued.)

EAMONN O GALLCHOBHAIR

THEATRE

SUMMER EXCURSIONS

This being the holiday season, with the Abbey re-opening on July 12th, and the Longford Company leaving the Gate on July 17th, there is little activity, but that quite pleasant.

Before closing, the Abbey staged a one-act play, *In the Train*, written and produced by Hugh Hunt, and designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, which I hope to see revived often. For consistent restraint, subtly evocative dialogue, and deft sketching of character, all transferred with real mastery of stage-effect from the short story by Frank O'Connor from which the play was adapted, it is well worth seeing, while it also contains the most effective use of choric speaking to link scenes and to depict flashes of thought and mood, hidden from each other by the characters, and often simply mimed by them, that I have come across. The chorus spoke to tone-patterns and to rhythms based on those of a train in motion; associated sound-effects underscored these, and the whole effect was one of real orchestration, with powerful, almost hypnotic, results. This technique, of course, is very similar to that of the Japanese Nô plays, and proved how very effective that method can be when well done, as here. Indeed, the off-stage personnel, both chorus and "noises off," deserve special praise for really skilful work—and ragged speaking, or clumsiness in effects can make an unholy mess of such a show. In many ways this is the nearest approach to my ideal of a regisseur production that I have seen for a long time. The staging was also a genuinely effective sample of simplified realism with an absence of the clutter so apparent lately. The acting revealed a smoothness, a really responsive "give-and-take," which has too often been painfully absent; Ann Clery's Woman, almost pure mime, delighted me especially by lovely speaking and expression (she was the only one, incidentally, to keep up the illusion, in head-movement, etc., of sitting in a moving train—a sign of genuine care); finally, Denis O'Dea almost startled me by becoming alive (easily spontaneous yet sensitively controlled), in his playing, for the first time, I think, since his return from America. All round this show proved refreshingly imaginative, and suggests that firm, strong, production can get more out of these players than has been seen lately—a point I am constantly making.

The Longford Company is now reaching the point aimed at, apparently, since its foundation—easy handling of modern, sophisticated, comedy, suiting a limited but growing clientele here and a much larger public in London, where they will appear in September. The sophistication, incidentally, is "talky," naively daring—due both to the players themselves, still unpolished enough to be natural, and to the plays chosen, all good-natured, tolerant rather than cynical—even Wilde is tamed to near-domestication.

Lady Longford's *Anything but the Truth* was a case in point; I have seldom enjoyed myself more at such a play—it was so consistently artless, yet really

skilled, in handling ; though suggesting "Rodney Ackland and Co. over again," the plays' steady good spirits, its mellow shrewdness rather than wit, and especially the unflagging action with cleverly judged pauses for little jibes at theatrical fads (the play deals with the reception accorded a famous London producer visiting an Irish country-house)—Maureen Massey, for instance, who "put too much feeling" into both acting and love-affairs, and failed in both because she "lacked technique" (Cathleen Delaney's best performance yet), above all, the obvious enjoyment of the cast, especially in the hilarious charade, a merciless lampoon on every possible atrocity of acting, etc.—all kept up the interest. A notable point, in this and similar plays done here, is that, while not at all pretending to depth, they go far beyond mere "laugh-getting"—their very naturalness brings to light real problems of ordinary life, handled sympathetically or with tolerant satire.

The next show, Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*, brought this out particularly, dealing as it does with the woman betrayed in youth by Lord Illingworth—a most attractive devil of wit—who refuses to marry him years later, when he desires to mould their son after his own pattern, and so proves him a man of no importance. Conventional morality ; that fastidious selfishness which "upper-class" humans still show to-day, and which, if anything, has spread downwards as another blessing of democracy ; that toleration of viciousness, of violation of natural instincts, if superficially attractive, which to-day vitiates much clever art and art-criticism ; such points as these arise, are dealt with indirectly or are driven home by the action in Wilde's most brilliantly incandescent manner. His American guest, for example, a pillar, nay, a whole colonnade, of righteousness in a gilded temple of Mammon, delivers long lectures on "good living," which he artistically over-elaborates into unconscious condemnation of her own self-righteousness through the inevitable reaction of the listener from her bigotted outlook—even while admitting the sanity of her disgust at Society ; all the more so when the Woman is cunningly arranged to be present as a silent witness to the truth, which nobody else sees—that a sinner (mediaeval word !) is not an outcast, something broken to be cast aside, is rather, through the self-examination and suffering which results, often the most humane and valuable of our fellows. Utter relentless realism, even though type-ridden, is the keynote of this play ; the very epigrams in which it teems arise out of this clarity, this urge to shock one into revaluation of the accepted. Of all Wilde's plays this seems to me the most genuinely valuable and the production did it justice, being far more spontaneous and natural than the McMaster-MacLiammhoir version of *The Importance of being Earnest*, done at the Gate last December.

Both plays were neatly and carefully produced, especially in clever use of furniture to temporarily dispose of "silent" parts or to enhance action (some of the resulting postures were even funnier than was, I think, hoped). The sets, also by the producer, Peter Powell, were not so good—they suffered from his usual taste for heavy, almost tawdry, colouring and flabbiness of

line in details (painted stucco decoration, for example, need not be shapeless or, worse still, unrelated in line to the rest of the set). Costuming, as usual here, was well done in design and making; a lady behind me, at the Wilde show, murmured in acid tones—"remarkable costumes, don't you think?"—a tribute to their effectiveness. The playing was the weakest point; the visiting players still give finished renderings of repeated mannerism of voice, eyebrow agitation, jutting chins, limbs apparently broken and badly reset—Jean Anderson is the only player with flexibility amongst them; not that the native players cannot irritate one with such rigidities, but, being mostly type-players, they do manage to adapt these to some parts—with some grace. Accordingly, caricatures instead of characters appear at times along with photographic reproductions of well-cast types; thus Doris Finn's shrewish Lady Pontefract was very good in voice and poise, especially in timing; Clodagh Garrett's Diana Box was natural, being herself, but her Lady Hunsdanton, a "nice" woman of 80, was 60 years old to the bottom of the wig, and Clodagh Garrett the rest of the way, with her usual strident tone—much of the part's value was lost, too, through resulting lack of a serene "grand manner"; again, Cathleen Delaney as Hester Worsley, Wilde's American, handled her lines like cold potatoes, but as Maureen Massey, whom her little tricks of plaintive puzzlement, lip-nibbling and eyebrow fluttering, suited to the life, she could relax and give quite a sensitive, easy rendering—her sincere efforts to adapt herself to each part as it comes are apt to fail, in spite of a genuine depth she sometimes reveals, until she acquires relaxed control of body and voice (both of which seem always on a strain) so that innate sympathy could shine forth, a matter of steady development in experience and of readiness to reveal this—so easy to say, so hard to do, unless enthusiasm lightens drudgery. Such players should remember Maureen Massey, who failed because she didn't know when to stop. Betty Chancellor's characteristic of quizzical aloofness, which gives her both *chic* and cheek (sorry—couldn't resist it!)—she generally has an air of not believing the other players, the play itself nor even the audience—resulted in an engagingly matter-of-fact Hazel Oliphant and a polished, swordlike Mrs. Allonby, who treated her own wit and the follies of her set with equal unconcern.

Quietness is a characteristic of Robert Hennessy's that I like, a silent, unobtrusive watchfulness and poise, but his George Oliphant was so quiet as to be more dead than alive—George, I felt, was corralled behind his specs. and could get no further. The two reliables remain; Jean Anderson, a really charming actress, who would be genuinely fine if she could forget "the rules" sometimes and if her voice were wider in range and more subtly colourful in tone; her Mrs. Arbuthnot, for instance, was so warmly alive, so human in a desert of sterilely witty characters and of angular, staccato players, that she inevitably dominated the play, as Wilde intended, even when she went off key or barely escaped melodrama, generally through lack of teamwork from the others, who have to further improve in this vital quality. Finally, Blake

Gifford, still consistently poised, balletic in style, and almost exquisitely sensitive in voice and gesture; his Bobby Prendergast was a daring exploitation of these qualities in satire of effeminate youth, daring because it included himself; his Lord Illingworth was another exploitation, this time of poise, of a mind as gracefully swift as the body, and to this he owed much of his success—in addition, he had, one felt, a clear understanding that the run of the play was against his part and a keenness to let this be so without “hogging” the play, as he could easily have done—good production this, too. Although the wit of the play, he rather overdid the sententiousness and too regular delivery of epigrams; especially in Act 3. I *would* like to see Wilde done with his own casual ease, with no feeling of complacent ingenuity in his people, but rather a feeling of a fall from grace when others are not so witty—so that they see nothing out of the ordinary in speaking Wildely; Synge’s characters do it in their Synging world, why not Wilde’s in his?

And, finally, a mystery tour to see the Birr Little Theatre, producer James Fanning, present David Sears’ *The Light of Ulster*, with Ria Mooney as Fand (wife of Mananaan Mac Lir, the Sea God, the Lord of Magic), settings by Michael Mac Liammhoir, costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch for Fand and Mananaan, other costumes by Seamus Mac Call, and with special music by Mr. Thomas Collins. If all these did their work well, a good show should result, and, in any case, it was an extreme case of non-regisseur production; so I went expecting anything, with an open mind, interested in the group more than the show. I arrived, to discover only the producer, the group itself, one costume (Mananaan’s) and a cloak (Fand’s), two sets out of six, Nos. 2 and 6 (and possibly 5), and the music for scene 2 and scene 6 (Mananaan’s approach) and the first lyric of two (though sung flat), to be of genuine theatrical worth. I also found producer and group were worth the journey, not merely for such ability as is already there, but for the real possibilities of artistic work that their keenness, commonsense, and imaginative enterprise will yield if persisted in—and the producer, I feel, can be relied on for that. To natural advantages of time and place, financial backing and local support, all seized on or built up by himself and his colleagues, he has brought that vital quality, best stated as complete belief in one’s vision, with complete mistrust of one’s abilities (so that one is stimulated by the first into constant care of the second), which inspires the respect and generous co-operation of a company, when once fired with an equal enthusiasm. As a result, I felt at home here in a fashion I have never felt before, and I wish to record the genuine pleasure I experienced in this stimulating atmosphere of unflagging discussion and self-criticism. Such work cannot fail to result in steady improvement, and with that will appear *artistry*—emotional depth and flowing rhythms of feeling in and between players (teamwork, briefly), borne out by movement, gesture, speech, expression and, above all, *timing*, *i.e.*, an ear for pause-value (in any of these factors), that delicate *rubato* screwing-up of expectancy that makes vivid what is mechanical. I am certain the capacity for this is present, as also the wish

to attain it and the right method for achieving it, and if in eighteen months' time it is not well apparent I shall be grievously disappointed.

At present these qualities are largely lacking in the players, so that (in spite of excellent work in staging, dressing, lighting and management generally, the fruit of much care and drudgery) raw, angular and uneven playing resulted in a mediocre show. The producer, in addition to bringing out this *flow* in playing, which he can do by keeping along the present lines of training, also requires to cultivate *depth* in staging—an ability to create in the round on the stage, to feel the correct proportions of movement and gesture allowable, to “sink” inactive characters, so as to throw those in action into relief, by control of lighting, grouping and stage position, and especially the training of the players to speak and move in scale with the size of the stage itself and *the imaginative freedom of the character*, so that, say, the charioteer, dour, slow thinking, yet dignified, a warrior every inch, while relaxed and erect, gestures only slightly, moves slowly yet with spring, and speaks stolidly but crisply—failure to keep to this, in spite of real character-sense, clogged his own performance and sentimental speaking and overdone gesture jarred badly at times, his part being of great importance in the play. These remarks apply to all the cast; without exception. In short, visualisation, actual seeing a part as a *flow of images in the mind*, not even groups of separate images broken into by scene-changes, needs study now. It is obvious what present capacity and skill this implies, and it will all be needed—since sensitive acting will not result until visualisation becomes *instinctive*. The producer's only obstacles here are player-limitations. I noted four genuine actors, not just clothes props, there are probably more; he has no actress to equal these, only one, Emer showing possibilities, nor will there be any until it is realised that no actress is “nice” on a stage, she goes beyond that to revelation of character and feeling—these might begin by speaking intelligently and moving with purposive ease.

I wish I had room to deal systematically with every point that arose. The play itself was an excellent test of these very qualities—it needed all this to come to life; as it was, it was patchy; only scene 2, end of 5, and scene 6 had real worth of idea, and the dialogue was definitely weak. It was full of half-developed possibilities, but one thing definitely killed it for me: the frequent breaks; if scenes 2–5, were made a middle section with transformation effects (which would itself supply the Tír na nÓg fantasy), a much more coherent play would result. Things I definitely liked were: the lighting effects all through (this electrician is an artist in his own right); Cuchullain's instinctive voice-control and readiness of attack, but not most of his movements or eyeplay (make-up hard here, too); Ria Mooney's sensitively charming teamplay with him in the end of scene 3 and scenes 5 and 6, though a general lack of stability and ease made her playing uneven; the disappearance of the Fomorian in the Storm scene (which was an absolute *tour de force* by the producer, electrician and effects department—there was more imagination in this

one scene than has appeared in all Dublin for months)—a point nobody seemed to value at all, but that lad *flowed* off the stage as he should—the right thing instinctively done ; the voices of Riangabhair, Dagda and Conall Cearnach—if they can use their bodies with equal expression they will soon be actors ; the original designs for the sets of scenes 2 and 6, beautifully rich and imaginative in pattern and colouring—in general, while the designs were weak, the actual sets could have been better if the *run* of the design (virile curves, softened drawing and stippling) and the actual colouring had been as well reproduced as the details . . . But the sets were too hard and concrete for this play and stage ; Mananaan's aloof dignity, his unreality, and I would have liked him more if his cloak, which was too long and stiff, had not hampered him in moving—but his costume was a fine creation, as a whole ; again, Emer's handling of her role showed depth and real character, if rather rigid in bearing. One last point from many more untouched—the action should be closed in more, to focalise attention, and the producer's apparent fear of "woodenness," if players stay still, results in restlessness of effect instead of unity of common interest—the "pictureframe" is forgotten if the playing is good and turning the players away from one another scatters attention, kills response between players and favours stagey poses and expressions, due to speaking to the draw-curtains and spotlights—the actor, after all, should speak to himself or someone else, otherwise he is not acting : he's daft !

I hope such detailed analysis has not proved too boring to the general reader it is intended to help in this enterprise which is too good to be dismissed with patronising encouragement or mere parade of ideas, and I feel sure there are other groups who will find these remarks stimulating and helpful—such is my hope, at any rate. It does not speak well for town or country if Birr proves unique.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

FILMS

REVIEWS

THE PLAINSMAN: Cecil B. de Mille, at the Capitol Cinema.

The American master of hot-house exoticism and sanctimonious pretentiousness has tried his hand at an open air subject. The whole saccharine approach negatives anything that could have been achieved in its direction. The always excellent Gary Cooper, however, with his usual reserves of dramatic strength and a mind raised above the cheapness of his Hollywood surroundings, makes the character of Wild Bill Hickock an understandable one. Jean Arthur shows improvement in her playing. Otherwise unharnessed spectacle, unmotivated and shallow.

KELLY THE SECOND: Gus Meins, at the Stephen's Green.

Knockabout farce with hilarious Patsy Kelly, Charley Chase and Guinn Williams. Unpretentious nonsense for the masses. Evergreen gags and some good original moments.

ROMEO AND JULIET: Geo. Cukor, at the Astor.

A realistic production of Shakespeare's play aimed at the man in the street. The visual action points the lines so that otherwise obscure references are made clear. Norma Shearer is a childlike Juliet, again stressing the realistic note, while Leslie Howard is less successful in a performance too reminiscent of the Scarlet Pimpernel. John Barrymore provided a contrast in his ranting Mercutio. The opening of the film was quite promising, but as the detail increased in the settings the whole atmosphere became more diffuse and the treatment less certain of its direction. Reginald Denny as Benvolio, and Henry Kolker as Friar Lawrence, were notable for the certainty of their playing. An interesting experiment that takes no account of the fact that Shakespeare is not Ethel M. Dell. Of which more anon.

MEN ARE NOT GODS: Walter Reisch, at the Savoy.

Quite a pleasant picture with an atmosphere all its own. Miriam Hopkins as secretary of a London critic, who saves an actor's career by altering the notice of his premiere in "Othello." Running through the film is a jealousy motif punctuated by an insistent musical score consisting of Coleridge-Taylor. Rex Harrison as a newspaperman, and Gertrude Lawrence as the actor's wife, were efficient; while Sebastian Shaw was good in his ordinary moments, but one did not think his stage Othello the great creation it was supposed to be. With the producer's words we agree—"I hope Shakespeare will forgive us."

TWO COLOUR CARTOONS:

It has taken the coloured short to release imagination in the cinema. The majority of these are now leading in the development of the film as a vehicle for intelligent expression. All the technique of the "legitimate cinema" has now been acquired by the cartoon and dramatically used, while also pleasantly woven in the formal structure of these films. The Harman-Ising "Lost Chick" and the Popeye "Sinbad" are two outstanding examples of this branch of cinema, which is so popular that it is surprising that entire programmes have not been devoted to it by some enterprising manager.

LIAM O LAOGHAIRE

CORRESPONDENCE

May I say one word more in relation to cubism, surrealism, and other intellectual movements in Art?

Mr. Harvey Jacob replies: "it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole trouble with modern art is too much theorising." But this is only true of bad and weak theorising. In Art intellectualism is as necessary as emotionalism, for the intellect gives direction to feeling, and without such direction all activity is useless. The Italian Renaissance was the outcome of definite theorisation, of a conscious effort on the part of the artists of that time to break away from the emaciated, over spiritualised, and rapidly degenerating forms of medieval Art. It was a return, in other words, to Nature through the medium of Greek . . . that is, of pagan, art; and though many of the pictures the Renaissance artists painted may have been spiritual in purpose, they were no longer religious in the narrow sense that the works of the medieval painters were.

Again, take the case of the Impressionists, a comparatively modern movement, they worked to a definite set of theories . . . "en plein air" . . . "d'un seul coup," and studiously advoided any approach to the studio picture. Further, in pursuance of their aims they invented an entirely new technique of painting, doing away with "glazes"—a technique which, in their opinion, gave the finished picture a dead appearance while their objectives were brightness and vivacity.

Then following on their footsteps came men like Van Gogh, who made definite efforts to get away the recognised standards of beauty, and pictorial interest as they had always been understood. The main interest of their work was concentrated on character, or, to use the wider term, individuality . . . but divorced from all its traditional settings of wealth, power, in fact eminence of any kind; which they hated and dispised as much as a classic artist, such as Rubens, loved them. The ordinary man, and the ordinary place was what they wanted to paint, and to bring out their particular, and fugitive qualities. A good example of this kind of work is Cezanne's painting of himself, as compared with, say, Rembrandt's self-portrait.

In our own time an outstanding example of an intellectual painter is the Italian Modigliani, who adapted the nigger art of Central Africa to what one may describe as the emotional content of the Primatives, producing strangely beautiful and exotic work . . . a lovely hybrid of Paris intellectualism, African form, and Italian feeling. It was his search to escape from conventional form which led him to produce this original work; indeed, looking back at the trend of art during the last fifty years, one may say that just as the first Renaissance was a return to the Greek ideal, this latter or second Renaissance has been, an intellectual effort to get away from it. It is a search for new beauty—the most exciting quest in the world.

Finally, as regards "schools," criticise them as you may, it is true that the most vital art of a generation belongs to a "school" . . . which is the result of a definite intellectualism. Indeed, in art the intellect may be compared to the mould in casting, while the emotion is the liquid metal . . . if the mould is wrong all is wrong. Vague emotionalism to take an example out of Literature such as James Joyce's "Ulysses," so easily becomes meaningless, after the manner of the ravings of a lunatic, and man, even in spite of his rather peculiar behaviour, must still be considered a rational animal.

Mr. Jacob also says: "it is not the business of the artist to think (in any deep or philosophic sense) . . ." But it may be argued in the case of such

artists as Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo, to take a few, it is their philosophic thought which makes them what they are—and it is the lack of this quality which hampers the progress of our own national artists—as it is this quality in their work which makes modern French art so fascinating.

Waterford.

ARTHUR POWER

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE

An avid student of history, I welcome the interesting contribution in your June issue from Mr. Edward Sheehy, reviewer of my book on *Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen, 1791–1798*. I seem to remember meeting elsewhere, but at second-hand, the remarkable quotation he gives from “the Most Rev. Dr. Molloy of Kilkenny.” “No Jewish King ought to wear the crown of Judah when Tiberius and Augustus wore it. No Messiah will come to us. Our Civil Messiah is come long since. His throne is established by the supreme authority of the British State.” This quotation is not made in my book, as a casual reader of Mr. Sheehy’s review might perhaps infer; and I have my doubts about its authenticity. I want to get at the original source—the name and authorship of the book in which it first appeared, and the circumstances in which the alleged words were written. I am sure Mr. Sheehy will assist me if he is in a position to do so.

In the first place, as he himself knows as well as I, there is no more a diocese of Kilkenny than there is of Tipperary, although a Bishop could very well write in either town. But secondly, *à propos* of the period which my book deals with, it was Bishop James Lanigan who then taught the disciples of Christ, from the Apostolic chair of Ossory. And, thirdly, the words seem queer. “No Messiah will come to us!” In the mouth of a Jewish rabbi they would be very appropriate, but only in some symbolic and far-fetched way would a Catholic Bishop utter or write those words. However, if Bishop Molloy (of whatever diocese) did in such words dissuade his flock from hoping for a Messianic millenium as the result of following a teacher like Karl Marx, I could understand them. Mr. Sheehy will kindly fill up the blanks in my historical knowledge.

I think your reviewer has read my book somewhat carelessly. I have nowhere mentioned John Mitchel, of ‘48 fame, although Mr. Sheehy says he was one of those whom I have “hysterically pilloried.” (He mentions “Mitchell” twice, but I am sure the mis-spellings were typographical errors.) He is in error in saying that Cockayne “had the confidence of the United Irish leaders.” Only Rowan had confidence in him. Tone entirely shunned him. The other leaders, Neilson, Tandy, etc., had never heard of him. He was, in fact, an English spy, sent by Pitt to watch every movement of Jackson, and to report.

I regret to say that your reviewer’s logic is not what I had expected of him. Surely, the temporary want of knowledge on the part of Douglas and others was most natural to expect in the circumstances. That the administration knew of the bargain with Tone is clear. In fact, the Right Hon. John Beresford was the appointer of the administration. When Earl Fitzwilliam, who entered Dublin as Viceroy in January, 1795, proceeded to deprive Beresford of various offices, Beresford crossed to London, saw Pitt, and instantly Pitt recalled Fitzwilliam, appointing Earl Camden in his stead. Camden arrived in March! “I have agreed,” writes Beresford, Junior, from his house in Stephen’s Green, Dublin, to his father in London, “not to prosecute Tone

upon the terms settled with him . . ." (7 May, 1794). "By my directions," he writes on 20 May, "Tone has withdrawn himself from Dublin. He is near Naas. (At Bodinstown). He will come up whenever I send for him." On 1 May, Mr. T. W. Tone began his informations to Government. On 4 May, the Tailors' Hall in Back Lane, the United Irishmen's meeting-place, "was attacked by the police, their Meeting dispersed, and their papers seized." Tone had been promised not only pardon for his connection with the Jackson treason, but also financial means "to go to any British colony abroad, or to America, if he would make a full disclosure of all he knew." And again—"Being examined, Tone told all he knew." He began his informations as, practically, a pauper, as we learn from his own words, which my book gives in detail. When they were ended, he was able to bring his family to America, and to purchase a beautiful estate at Princeton for £1,180, equal to more than £5,000 of present money.

According to Mr. Sheehy, "the Jacobinism of the French Revolution was then the bogey." The victims of the guillotine, including the working masses as well as the better-off classes, hardly thought it was a bogey! He also writes: "political Christianity . . . allied the Churches with the Monarchies." But, when was there ever a Christianity which was exclusively ethereal, and had no contacts with governments and States? Did not the Divine Founder of the Church instruct His disciples—those who were His first bishops and exemplars to their successors—"When you are persecuted in one city, flee into another"? Was not that a politic maxim? And His parable on the two armies was surely a lesson in Christian as well as in other politics. When Archbishop Troy excommunicated the pikemen of '98 for rebelling against the Government of the day, it seems to me he had precedents among the Apostles themselves, who commanded Christians to be subject to the higher powers, even the Neronian ones.

In my view, a great mistake is made by Catholic writers in trying to keep Christianity out of their writings. It simply cannot be done. But it should be done without logomachies. And so again I ask Mr. Sheehy to throw light on the remarks he quotes from Most Rev. Dr. Molloy. It may be useful to me in the preparation of my second volume on Tone and the United Irishmen.

LEO MCCABE

15 June, 1937.

[The quotation in question is from a pamphlet entitled: "A Vindication of the New Oath of Allegiance proposed to the Roman Catholics of Ireland by a steadfast member of the Church of Rome," the second and revised edition, published in Dublin in 1775. The pamphlet is ascribed to Dr. Molloy of Kilkenny and catalogued under that name by the authorities of the National Library. The authenticity of the pamphlet or quotation has scant relevance to any argument I brought against Mr. McCabe's book. The latter half of the 18th century teems with quotations of like import and almost equally vivid imagery from Catholic writers, episcopal and lay.

If Mr. McCabe has reason to except John Mitchel from the general damnation, I can no more than count it one virtue in him and his book.

I did not say that Cockayne had the confidence of the United Irish leaders absolutely, but "to an extent sufficient to render further information superfluous," in the case of Jackson, who was his particular care. "Tone entirely shunned him." Which Tone; Tone the United Irish Leader or Tone the Informer? And talking of logic, surely Mr. McCabe should have acclaimed this

informing as one act of the shining virtue of repentance in an otherwise worthless life.

That the administration knew of any bargain with Tone of the kind alleged is at no stage clear from any evidence that Mr. McCabe has brought forward. All the evidence is from letters in the Beresford correspondence. I merely took the liberty of quoting the particular letter which contains the Rt. Hon. John Beresford's categorical denial that the administration knew anything of a bargain with Tone. Nor is there, as far as I know, any evidence available that the administration mended its ignorance. Tone may have saved himself in 1794, after Jackson's death and Hamilton Rowan's escape, in that he went, as he said himself, "to a gentleman high in the confidence of the then administration . . . and told him at once fairly every step I had taken." But to judge the gravity of such a step we are dependent on the contradictory evidence in the Beresford Correspondence.

I think I made sufficiently obvious the distinction between political Christianity and Christian politics. The latter may be an ideal, but envisages an organic relation between politics and Christian principles. An ethereal Christianity could not be understood from the distinction. The Monarchy, or the Capitalist State is not the only political reality. In fact, the dialectical materialism of Marx derives its appearance of validity from the activities of political Christianity. The argument from atrocities carries no weight. There is no holy war, whatever principles antagonists may hurl at one another. Hilaire Belloc, dealing with Ireland in relation to the French Revolution, says: "The enthusiasm (of the Revolution) appealed. The ideas underlying those enthusiasms were drawn from the Catholic Culture of Europe." And already Catholic apologists are drawing a sharp distinction between communism and Marxist Communism.

To the accusation that I read the book somewhat carelessly, I could not, in honesty, plead other than guilty; though I do not think that any more careful reading would cause me to depart from the opinion expressed in the first sentence of my review. Nevertheless, certain humorous touches did not escape me: notably Mr. McCabe's allusion to Pearse's preference for "the rude and obscene Gaelic" and his (Pearse's) failure to comment on "the deplorable lack of a rich Catholic or ascetic or devotional literature in Irish."

EDWARD SHEEHY]

BOOK SECTION

CATHOLIC SOCIAL PRINCIPLES

WORK AND PROPERTY. By Eric Gill. (*Dent*. 7s. 6d.).

This latest book of Eric Gill's is so important that it is impossible to deal here with more than one of the vital issues brought up. We are familiar with Mr. Gill's *dicta* on "High Art," and I am sure most serious artists and craftsmen are in complete agreement with him. The chapter that gives the book its title, however, is not only new ground, but also Mr. Gill's most important contribution to literature, so far.

His attack on Capitalism, based though it is on fundamental Christian principles, has, of course, already raised the usual shriek of "Bolshevism." These Christian principles are not Mr. Gill's invention, as some would like to think, but definite statements taken from Papal Encyclicals. The only paragraphs of recent Encyclicals that Mr. Gill's critics seem to have learned by heart, are those forbidding Catholics to co-operate with organised Marxist Communism.

It is regrettable that the severest challenge to Mr. Gill's clear exposition of Christian doctrine should come from Ireland. Professor Hogan, of Cork University, starts the hue and cry in the *Catholic Herald* under the caption: "WHY ERIC GILL CANNOT GET AWAY WITH IT." Professor Hogan begins by stating that Mr. Gill's distinction between organised Marxist (*i.e.*, atheist) Bolshevism, and the economics of communism is "quite fictitious."

In the same paper, however, Father Victor White, O.P., seems to think that Mr. Gill *can* "get away" with it, for he not only emphasises the "two entirely distinct issues," but, under the heading: "SHEER CATHOLIC TRUTH," says that Mr. Gill's presentation of the doctrine of private property and "its essential social character is, perhaps, more in line with the best Thomist theologians (*e.g.*, Father Horvath, O.P.) than Mr. Gill is himself aware."

When Fr. White, earlier in his review, says that "Mr. Gill's commonsense and unsophisticated Christianity sometimes make the professional philosopher and theologian feel pretty silly," he must have overlooked Professor Hogan.

The truth is that any defence of Capitalism in a Catholic country under the pretext of the "sanctity of private property," is based on sheer ignorance of the teachings of the Church. Mr. Gill is not afraid to say so, and proves his case. With reference to Mr. Gill's demand that the workers should own or control the means of production, the following quotations are significant:—

"In the present state of human society, We deem it advisable that the wage-contract should . . . be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership . . . In this way wage-earners . . . participate in the ownership or management or in some way share in the profits."—(Quad. Ann. 65.)

"It is rightly contended that certain forms of property must be reserved to the State, since they carry with them a power too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large."—(Quad. Ann. 114.)

"It is not easy to see how this Papal programme of deproletarianization through the restoration of property to the workers is to be realised, unless the workers are first to share in the *fruits of actual* production (as Pius XI. himself hints in Quad. Ann. 61), and it seems at least arguable that this

in its turn presupposes a participation in ownership and control of the *existing means of production*, and ownership and control which of its nature must be in some way collective.

This thesis may be open to objection on several grounds, but not surely on grounds of Catholic orthodoxy—whatever else may be said about it, it certainly is not Communism with a capital C.”—(Fr. Victor White, O.F.).

The great value of Mr. Gill’s contribution to present-day social problems is that he emphasises the *via media* which has been so completely forgotten in the modern world. The fact that the only established form of Communism is even worse than Capitalism from the Church’s point of view, has had the unfortunate effect of precipitating many of the faithful poor, and all the faithful rich (not too much against their will), into the arms of Capitalism, in the convenient belief that if Communism and Socialism are wrong—Capitalism must be right. Big Industry has not failed to avail itself of this heaven-sent opportunity; the slave-owning, rack-renting, sweatshop-owner no longer cries: “Spare my dividends!”—but: “Protect your Faith!”

This lamentable stampeding to Left or Right without a single thought of the fundamental issues at stake, is the thing Mr. Gill set out to expose. No one can read this book and not agree with Fr. White that:

“... the Christian defence of the principle of private property is no earthly justification for the defence of private property *as we know it to-day*: that the two conceptions are diametrically opposed and that Catholic teaching in this matter is precisely a condemnation of the property we have (or more likely have not) got.” (My italics).

Apart from these important questions, the book is full of good things. Things Mr. Gill says often and well. His excellent (and much-needed) side-slap at the “Leisure State”; the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon school of humanitarian “progressives”; his profound preoccupation with “responsible *making and doing*”—the moral significance of creative activity; “Work is sacred; leisure is secular: the proper end of man is his sanctification—Culture is a product of work and ‘man wins his joys from his necessities’”; his delightful detestation of the very word “Art” (Art for Art’s sake is as unhealthy as bread for bread’s sake!)—all go to make the whole book intensely personal, and, consequently lively reading—guaranteed to please the dullest philistine.

Denis Tegetmeier provides twelve most excellently “unsuitable” drawings in the “Obstinate Artist” vein. I wish he had stuck to pure line throughout. “Work and Property” is printed by Hague and Gill: that should suffice.

Let no one miss buying this book.

CECIL FFRENCH SALKELD

THE IRISH SHELF

MICHAEL COLLINS

THE BIG FELLOW: A Life of Michael Collins. By Frank O’Connor. (Nelson 10s. 6d.).

“George Nathaniel Curzon was a most superior purzon.” It appears to have become a mode amongst some of our literary men to be superior; to speak from the heights. Frank O’Connor’s foreward to “The Big Fellow” is distinctly Jovian. Apart from its sententiousness it is by way of an alibi and it is doubtful if an author is justified in reviewing his book before the reader has a chance to peruse the text. Anyway, the publisher’s blurb gives a better

idea of what the book is about than does the foreword. The blurb says: "The story is one of the most deeply moving and thrilling of modern times; it would be incredible if it were not true." And the story of Michael Collins, as told in "The Big Fellow," is certainly thrilling. One sincerely regrets that Frank O'Connor did not persist in his original intention of casting the work in the form of a novel. It would have been a grand, exciting story for Irish boys. As it is, the foreword compels the book to be noticed as a serious comment on the history of the time and of Collins' place in the historical background.

It is difficult to imagine anyone writing on a historical subject in such false perspective. The National struggle is depicted on the scale of a Chicago gang war with Dublin Castle and the I.R.A. intelligence service, as the rival gangs. Collins is the centre of all national activity. Valera, Burgess, Stack, and Childers, leaders who opposed the treaty, are cods or frauds of one kind or another. (Valera and Burgess are not misprints; Frank O'Connor yields to a personal dislike to the prefix of nobility and changes De Valera's name—an unjustifiable flight of pedantry. No reason is given for the Burgess instead of Brugha). Most readers will realise just as well as does Frank O'Connor that no service is done either to the nation or to individuals by pretending that national heroes were plaster saints. But it would have been well if the author bore in mind that no generation of national leaders were subjected to so minute an analysis both in respect of their public and private lives as the generation of leaders of the Treaty period. Their countrymen knew it all, and said it all, and the generation for which Frank O'Connor writes is entitled to know it all, too. Eamon de Valera, Cathal Brugha, Austin Stack, Erskine Childers, deserve recognition of their virtues as well as blame for their defects, even in the eyes of a new generation. Debunking is so much the theme song of this book that the author has even succeeded in debunking his hero. The book does no service to the memory of Michael Collins. As a man Collins is portrayed as a sentimental bully, a bit of a boyo, something of a buffoon, with a wild desire for "rough-housing." As an administrator he is shown as anything but careful. As a leader he ruled his immediate entourage during the fighting much in the manner of an American gang-boss; but when the real issues were knit, he is described as behaving like a bewildered steer in a corral, plunging from one decision to another, working on impulses, but swayed by personalities rather than by ideas, indulging in tearful emotional orgies, talking "like a drunken man or a lunatic."

The creation of such a picture is a poor act of reparation to the memory of Collins; it is partly as an act of reparation that the book was written. It would have been much better to wait until the documents are published, when, as the author says: "it will be seen that Collins was a much greater figure than was suspected by any but a few." It will require a lot of documentary evidence to overcome the unfavourable impression of Collins' part in the affairs of his time which Frank O'Connor creates. Except for sparse and mainly unnecessary footnotes and the usual acknowledgments, the book is undocumented. Perhaps a book of its kind does not require documentation. Nevertheless, some statements made by the author, if supported by evidence, are of the greatest importance to an appreciation of the history of the times. The Proclamation of Independence, which the author regards as the source of all our ills, was made in 1919. On what authority is it stated that Collins at that time "took the declaration for what it was worth, the largest standard on the highest mast." Is there any proof that while the Republicans were in the Four Courts, Collins, "half demented, was receiving Reggie Dunn and discussing the killing of Henry Wilson?"

M. N. C.

THIS IRELAND

MY IRELAND. By Lord Dunsany. (*Jarrolld*. 7s. 6d.). pp. 285.

ISLE OF DESTINY. by James Devane. (*The Richview Press*. 3s. 6d.). pp. 256.

I very much regret that either of these volumes should have been submitted to me, personally, for review. Both may be fairly held to be "expository" in type; and formal exposition has an irritating effect upon me; an effect, I freely admit, unreasonable and indefensible. Above all, an expository treatise upon some person, or some subjects intimate and dear, always puts me, irrationally, upon the defensive: such a frame of mind is inimical to any attempt at impartial criticism.

Furthermore, the title, "My Ireland," tends to induce prejudice in advance: but the fault can hardly be laid at the door of the author. It is necessitated by the series for which the volume was written. Frankly, I should prefer: "Our Ireland," as suggesting an outlook less proprietary, and more democratic. My first contacts with the contents were also unfortunate, having regard to the illogical idiosyncrasies alluded to already. The frontispiece is entitled "the Author," whom it presents standing outside a patently feudal porch, at gaze upon his Ireland; while the second illustration portrays "Dunsany Church." Somewhat impatiently I proceeded to turn the pages in irregular sequence: the next picture proved to be an impressionist's representation of Dr. Gogarty; and at this point, I confess I shut the book with more force than precision. The beautiful sweep of Irish mountain portrayed upon the dust-jacket softened me however: I took up the book again, with renewed hope, to find that the first chapter was devoted to the possibly faintly threadbare topic of *Æ*. Thus far I had failed to encounter anything which I would consider representative of My Ireland at the present day: a hopelessly dated episode relative to a "peasant" and a flask of whiskey; one or two characteristically cheap quips in connexion with the late John Pentland Mahaffy; I had almost despaired, until, upon reading Chapter V, I found it dealt with Francis Ledwidge; and in that genuine, generous sympathy and friendship for a poor, obscure boy, writing out of the fullness of hear and imagination about the plains of Meath, the page took fire, so that I read with pleasure. With increasing pleasure, moreover; in the chapters delightfully and suggestively named "Swans," "Snipe," "Golden Plover," "Only about the weather," I came upon what I consider the most subtle, the most delicate gift of conveying Irish landscape and atmosphere by the medium of words which I have had the privilege of enjoying for many a long day. This portion of the book, combined with the genuinely beautiful illustrations, make it a positive joy; it also renders the inadequate touch of proprietary showmanship all the more distasteful. Would to heaven that Lord Dunsany, without undue delay, would provide us with a book of topographical interpretation for Meath, Kildare and Dublin—leaving politics *et hoc genus omne*, out of the picture! If, and when such a book arrives I shall hasten to make elbow room for it upon the same shelf with such sound good fellowship as Richard Jeffries and Gilbert White of Selborne.

In connexion with Dr. Devane's "Isle of Destiny," I suffer from further handicaps. In the first place, I am personally acquainted with the author; and in the second, his mood of passionate certitude must always, for temperamental reasons, remain alike the object of my envy and my despair. With advancing years, the mental attitude epitomised by Browning in the phrase: "The Grand Perhaps," seems to me the most tolerable one. I envy and admire, and simultaneously despair at the intrepidity and conviction of Dr. Devane.

Having nailed the bi-colour Catholic and Protestant to the mast, he steadfastly refuses to strike it. He presents his thesis in chapter upon chapter in a manner almost Euclidean in its logic. Grant his postulates and axioms, together with his definitions, and one may fitly close each chapter with the familiar letters of our schooldays: "Q. E. D." And like Euclid, his treatise, for me at all events, remains to a considerable extent an essay upon an intellectual abstraction. But a few great phrases occur here and there; supremely upon page 239, where he describes Partition as: "That fantastic line, which severs the bloom of an Irish briar, and the song of an Irish lark."

As I laid his book down, I recollected oddly what Dr. W. B. Yeats once said to me: "My effort, at that particular time, was to seek and find the old, the original, perdurable Ireland: the spirit underlying the very roads, and lakes and mountains—Mother Ireland." I believe I appreciate, if I may say so, the animating spirit of Dr. Yeats' quest; I find much of it in Lord Dunsany's book, and am duly grateful; not so much in Dr. Devane's, who is, nevertheless, more akin to me, as I hope and believe. Be it as it may, it is this "Mother Ireland," which draws some of us closer to her, year by year; fittingly so, perhaps, as the time inevitably approaches when we shall fall asleep, and lie close to her warm maternal breast, indifferent to the passionate outcries, political, social, and religious of her still wakeful, importunate, and restless children.

an pílínbín

IRISH BIOGRAPHY

PARNELL. By León Ó Broin. (*Oifig an tSoláthair*. pp. 566. 5s.).

To have such a book as this written for publication by the Gúm was a good thought. There is room for scores of others. Is there in English any book worth mentioning that deals comprehensively with the Fenian movement? Or with the '98? Or with the Irish in America? Comprehensively is the word. León Ó Broin takes full toll of all that has been written on Parnell and does so in a craftsmanlike and level-headed manner. Nevertheless, this is not a patchwork, but a book of good texture, every sentence signed by the one hand; and this result has been achieved without effort it seems. Of course there must have been an immensity of effort. The vocabulary is a thing to wonder at—its richness, its preciseness, the absence of ink-horn terms. Moreover, in writing about a modern Irishman, a book that is not a bit of vulgar personal exhibitionism, León Ó Broin has obeyed native standards.

The book is not tendentious. No thesis is proved, not even asserted. One or other of the previous writers on Parnell is here and there corrected, usually on a matter of fact, courteously and not without some reason for the correction. It must have taken some grit to keep off the crowd of questions our present condition bombards the whole of the Parliamentary movement with. Perhaps there has been too much grit. He mentions that no picture was so frequently met with in Irish homes in those days as that of Gladstone. That, of course, is a fact. And an ominous fact. The Union, O'Connell, Parnell, between them brought it about. It was, indeed, a symbol of the final conquest of the people of this land as a nation. The results are still at large, are seated in the high places as by right. This aspect of the successfulness of Parnell's movement is not stressed, is scarcely touched upon: there is far more in the book about the change in the temper of England than in that of Ireland. But it may be that the writer took it that we knew all that.

Gaedheal and Eireannach are used as synonyms. It hardly makes for clarity. Here Parnell is Taoiseach na nGaedheal, but on page 27 Sorcha Nic Ghiollarnátha is described as a Gaedheal.

The Gúm is certainly to be praised for the get-out of the book. It is a handsome book—well shaped, good papered, well printed, well bound. With its 566 pages it is extraordinary value for five shillings. Why the book on O'Connell, so much smaller, so different in appearance, should cost four shillings, one does not understand.

DANIEL CORKERY

OWEN ROE O'NEILL. By Elizabeth O'Neill. (*Talbot Press*. *Noted Irish Lives*. 2s. 6d.). pp. 112.

The tragedy of Owen Roe O'Neill may seem far from us to-day. Although a greater soldier, he has been largely eclipsed in popular memory by the dramatic personality of his uncle, Hugh, earl of Tyrone. Hugh lived in a setting which makes a more romantic appeal to the modern mind, and has won a higher place in the nation's esteem by his conflict with Gloriana, as her English subjects called Queen Elizabeth. Conditions were different in the War of the Catholic Confederation. Two, three and sometimes four forces were at war with one another. Opposed to the royalist forces and to those of the English parliament was the army of the Confederation, which ultimately split into two.

The situation of Owen Roe, the Ulster general, was little short of tragic. Trained to a soldier's career under accomplished European commanders, he had generally been regarded as a trustworthy officer who was particularly brilliant in defence. He had re-organised the Irish forces in the north and in a few short months commanded an efficient army which contrasted favourably with the extravagant and unmartial following of Preston, the Confederate general in Leinster. O'Neill, however, was not to have the opportunity of utilising his abilities. His victory over Munro at Benburb increased the jealousy of the Anglo-Irish in the Confederation, who thought they detected an aspirant to kingship in this dangerous O'Neill. It took Cromwell and William of Orange and a century of penal laws to end the quarrel of Irish and Anglo-Irish; and, when Catholic Ireland became finally united, the families of O'Neill and Gormanston, and all they stood for, had passed into oblivion.

Elizabeth O'Neill's book is somewhat marred by her uncritical and sometimes inaccurate presentation of Irish conditions before the Rebellion. While it cannot be said that hers will become the standard biography, it will be admitted that her subject was undoubtedly a suitable one for inclusion in the series "Noted Irish Lives."

R. D. E.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. John D. Sheridan. (*Talbot Press*, *Noted Irish Lives*, 128 pp. 2s. 6d.).

This unpretentious little synopsis of the poet's life is a rather colourless review of current opinions on his life and work and in this respect is a handy introduction to O'Donoghue's and Father Meehan's biographies. The author is both too cautious and too self-conscious to kindle a real enthusiasm for what could be a fascinating life story, if handled as Maurois handled Shelley in *Ariel*. A genuine Mangan enthusiast, he ingeniously defends him from misrepresentations by other biographers or by the ordinary reader. It is regrettable

that a consequent necessity for cool detachment should have the effect of chilling the reader, and a later revision might remedy this. The book is otherwise well written and informative, with a good bibliography, and is well produced for its price.

S. O. M.

Dánta Dáda Ulaó. Enrí Ó Muirgeasa. (Oifis Foillsiúcháin an Riasaltais. 3/6.)

Is mór a gheibtear Enrí Ó Muirgeasa. Níl ann duine is mó do rinne sclábuirdeacht as a óige, le dúil gac iarsma de gaeúilge cúis' ulaó do tabairt i dtír ar maite leis an duine atá le teacht. Agus táinig toraó a saothair cuimsinn as éadán a céile. Seo leabhar úr ó n-a láimh—"Dánta Dáda Ulaó." Deir dream ann agus is é an loct a béas aca ar an imleabhar go bfuil mórcúir ann is beag le ráirt de tsoibh lictirdeachta. Baramail seachranac a mbaramail siúro. Tá tréan sean-dántaí ann do baineas as na láimhscribinní, snuaó na veise ortá mar dántaí agus iad deaibh deárschuígte ionnta féin. Rudáí is ead iad nac racaó ag doinneac a nóisbeasáó nó seanúlas a beir aige ortá. Aóct cé deirpró nac mó is piú na habráin—furmóir an leabhair—do scriob an t-ugóir ó aicris na ndaoine. Is iad is fearr a beir paisnéis dúinn a' r an mánad meoin a's intinne do bí ag muintir cúis' ulaó tráit bí siad pá crannsmola a's pá leatrom ag Galluibh. Ac' mura mbéas saotar Enrí Uí Muirgeasa, do báitpróe iad i bpoll-monad an Galluadachais 7 do cáitpróe san fagáil go deo iad. Is í sin an buairt is mó atá ar an chúasac seo.

Dán de na dántaibh is mó a corrócas suim luó léigte an leabhair "Molad Muire." Is deimhin éana go raib cumad lictaró pá leit ag teacht in éiréact i gcuig ulaó nuair do táinig meac ar gaeúil. Trí rann agus abrán atá dá ráó agam. Is léir sin éanaféin o'n t-sár-leabhar do scriob éamonn Ó Tuatail. Agus cé nac gcuirfead suim ins' an dá abrán pá "Turas loca Dearg," no in "Aitreachas Cáitil Duiré"? Ní bíonn saoi san loct, agus tá corr-rud ins an leabhar nár misde a céartú. Easumiléir ar seo an méir aóeir an fear eagair pá'n feardorca Ó Mealláin (l. 187.). Ní léir cad cuige a dearbúigeann sé gur as Connrae an Dúin an feardorca céana, —cibé ar bit áit ar b'as do'n láimhscribinn. Aóct as tír eogain a tárla Muintir Mealláin 7 "Meallanac" do bí ar a dtír—ceanntar mór talaim eaglaise taob o tuaró de Cór Críce .i. Cookstown inoiu. Agus péactar "Fardoragh Mc Cahir O Mallan, generosus," a grantee, Ba. Dungannon, Carew Papers, 1611, p. 237—agus Ferdoragh Mc Gilgrim (an Siolta Sruamó) O Mellan, pardoned Dungannon. Pat. Rolls. James I. 1608.

seamus ó ceallais

THE FACE OF IRELAND. By Michael Floyd. (*Batsford, Ltd.* 7s. 6d.).

The most effective geography lesson is that achieved in travel, and the only effective travel is that done by oneself. Consequently, books which are intended for the traveller are very often of doubtful value. Experience, though often painful, is ultimately what gives travel its stimulus and that personal experience if anticipated may remove the very *raison d'être* for the wandering spirit. Advice to the traveller might well be "see for yourself and keep your eyes and ears well open."

Making allowances for prejudices against the tourist guide, the present volume is a very attractive inducement to leave the armchair at which the book was partly aimed and to personally check-up on the accuracy of the

descriptions of the different regions covered by the author. It is not a reflection of incompetence to say that those descriptions are lacking in completeness, but rather is it to emphasise the weakness of the written word to adequately convey the subtlety of Nature's diversity in different places and under different conditions. In the novel, perhaps, where human personality is linked with environment, there is some hope of bringing a landscape to life, but where the author merely concentrates on the natural scene he has no such aids to help him create the spirit of that scene.

Here is a book pleasantly written and unpretentious in aim, which avoids a luscious romanticism and the opposite extreme of a cold scientific treatise. Its incompleteness might rather be indicative of strength. The author is not unaware of the difficulties when he says: "It would be an almost hopeless task even if one could command 'the tongues of men and of angels' to convey in words an impression of the whole vast range of mood and aspect revealed in Irish scenery, and I doubt if I would have presumed to have offered this modest contribution had I not known that I should have the co-operation of Mr. Will F. Tyler and his fellow artists, whose photographs add so immeasurably to the value and permanence of my book."

The illustrations, while often not particularly good as photographs, do fulfil their function in so far as they emphasise the structure of the landscape and capture, to some extent, the vistas that are likely to appear before us as we wander about the face of Ireland.

L. Ó L.

POETRY AND DRAMA

THE WORKS OF MORRIS AND OF YEATS IN RELATION TO EARLY SAGA LITERATURE. Dorothy M. Hoare. (*Cambridge University Press* 6s.) pp. 179.

Miss Hoare's contribution is, as the title suggests, a weighty and scholarly treatise on a subject not unfamiliar here, in one aspect at least. It is doubtful if even those associated with the poetry of Morris could quote more than a line from his works and equally doubtful the value placed by contemporary critics on his and Yeats' Saga poetry, especially in view of Yeats' later work. Another generation may reverse our decision but for us Yeats' least important verse belongs to the 'druid moons and murmuring of boughs' period, and Morris and his Norse sagas have become lost in the Morris with whom we are familiar.

The question which Miss Hoare has set out to elucidate is whether 'either poet's interpretations are as true to the spirit of the originals as the authors believed.' This, in relation to Yeats at least, is an old quarrel in Ireland and broken jaws and bleeding noses are not unusual consequences of any public discussion on the subject; the two schools, those who hold that he is primarily a poet, so to hell with orthodoxy, and those who are willing to bare their bosoms in defence of the ancient legends, have equally fierce adherents to shout down the heretics on the other side. Whether anyone is willing to spill their blood for Morris I do not know, but if there be any I predict an exciting future for Miss Hoare.

Miss Hoare has a complete grasp of her subject and apparently a great familiarity with the Old Irish and Norse legends and sagas in their original form. While admiring her energy and concentration in the production of this work, we would at the same time question its practical value. Specialisation can go too far.

SPAIN. W. H. Auden. (*London: Faber and Faber*). 1/- net.

This is too easy Mr. Auden.

Yesterday Stonehenge and the whetting of knives,
The peering at the sun through shut fingers,

‘Yesterday the blues of the body,

‘The party in the wood behind the temple. But to-day the struggle.
this is not Auden but MacDonagh; lines which have as little relation to Spain
as Auden’s; lines exactly on his model. I will now quote at random one of
his stanzas:

‘Yesterday the installation of dynamos and turbines,
The construction of railways in the colonial desert;

Yesterday the classic lecture

On the origin of mankind. But to-day the struggle.”

Why ‘to-day the struggle’? Surely yesterday and the day before and the
century before the struggle? And why this catalogue? Why ‘Spain’?
Why not quote from a Bookseller’s list:

‘Yesterday Tom Jones, The Way of All Flesh

‘And Death in the Afternoon,

‘But to-day . . . etc.

Or any other list?

Yesterday we liked you, Mr. Auden, we liked you a lot. But to-day the
struggle.

DONAGH MAC DONAGH

PLAYS, PLAYERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

THE SPEAKING OF POETRY. By Wallace B. Nichols. (*Methuen*. 110 pp. + xiv.
3s. 6d.).

SHORT PLAYS FROM 12 COUNTRIES. Ed. Winifred Katzin. (*Harrap*. 344 pp.
+ 24. 7s. 6d.).

I can strongly recommend both these books, not only to theatre-minded
people but to lovers of literature as well.

Mr. Nichols, a poet himself, whose verse-play, *St. Caedmon’s Feast*, is to
be produced at the Oxford Festival of Spoken Verse this month, has written
an invaluable book for all who wish not to el(ectr)ocute poetry but to speak
it artistically. His outlook is quite practical, and his attitude he sums up
himself on p. 88—“The verse-speaker cannot too clearly recognise his kinship
to that type of interpretative artist to which the pianist or violinist belongs,
and also the necessity to study the poem to be spoken in their spirit and with
their assiduity.” His constant insistence is on the basic rhythm of verse and
its proper rendering in speech as a result of the speaker attuning himself with
the poet rather than the poetry, a method that disposes of encumbering
prosody, scansion, and tricks of elocution alike; each type of poetry is analysed
on these lines in separate chapters with a final chapter on choral speaking.
In the chapter on Dramatic Verse, he translates a very interesting essay by
Goethe on the difference between epic and dramatic poetry, between reciter
and actor; Gordon Bottomley, whose *Lyric Plays* are well-known, contributes
some additional remarks of genuine interest on this topic in his foreword.
Finally, the poetry lover will find much in this book to enlarge his appreciation
of the art, even when only read, and I think Mr. Nichols has surpassed Miss
Edith Sitwell’s *The Pleasures of Poetry* in this, his method being simpler and
more direct, with less elaboration of analysis.

Mrs. Katzin's book is also of general literary interest, since each play has obviously been selected to do justice to the country concerned and to typify the national style. As in all anthologies, one detects a personal bias, so that a certain sameness of mental attitude is noticeable in some of these plays. Nevertheless, they are authentic renderings, very smoothly translated by the editress and others and with a foreword of interest appended to each. The editress has a definite feeling for stage-effect and this results in choice of almost melodramatic material at times. For players requiring strong stuff of genuine value and freshness this book is ideal, especially as only such plays as exemplify national peculiarities of acting style and of outlook have been selected—thus Japanese *Nō* is represented by one of Arthur Waley's translations, *Benkei on the Bridge*, which has less literary merit than, say, his *Atsumori* or *Kagekijo* or Frank A. Lombard's *Hirumo*, but which better reveals *Nō* technique in its lines. Other literatures represented are—English (David Garrick's *High Life Below Stairs*), French (Grand Guignol—marvellous stuff for hair-raising feats of real acting), German (dullish—Herman von Kleist), Austrian (a lovely play), Russian, Polish, Rumanian (very similar to the *Dybbuk*, which Mrs. Katzin has translated, and equally delicate), Turkish (lively comedy), Chinese, (hardly fair to a fine literature) Afrikaans (S. Africa), and, finally, a neat little vignette from French-Canadian. An interesting collection, well edited, of little known plays, and produced in the usual Harrap style of efficiency.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

JOHN HEYWOOD—ENTERTAINER. R. de la Bère, M.A. (Oxon), F. R. Hist, S. (London: *Allen and Unwin*. 272 pp. 10s. 6d.).

This is a pleasant study of an interesting man. John Heywood (b. 1497) was a versatile character, the Playboy of the Tudor World—in his time he was Court Jester (of a literary type), a poet, playwright, singer and instrumentalist, and most characteristic, perhaps, an inveterate proverbmonger. He died in the Low Countries about 1577, an exile from the new Protestantism of Elizabeth, for he was a staunch Catholic all his life and lost and relost much property as a result. The author prefaces his study with a bibliography which reveals the diversity of Heywoodiana and the difficulty of gathering details, often obtained casually, as he remarks. He then gives a carefully built-up Life, a detailed analysis of all Heywood's known works, for each of which he gives sources, an argument or outline of content, and an attempt to arrive at a norm for Heywood's style and thought from the internal evidence; the full, original texts of four plays (Interludes), mainly in flexible rhymed verse, are then given as illustrations, and he concludes with an appendix on Heywood's origins and an index.

The author's chief purpose is to arrive at as clear and full a picture as possible of the Tudor mind as revealed in a typical writer whom it accepted as a "mad, merry wit." Heywood's literary importance lies in the novelty of his realistically coarse comedies of everyday life—as to which C. Willson Disher justly remarks (*Clowns and Pantomimes*, p. 18): "Incidentally, Heywood . . . makes cuckoldry a joke without dwindling the husband as Wycherley did or beautifying the lover as Somerset Maugham (in *The Circle*) does." It is interesting to see, too, how downright an ardent Catholic could be about the failings of the clergy of his day. To students of this period, out of which Shakespeare rose to carry on to fruition this break from the conventional and abstract Moralities of pre-Heywood days, this examination of Tudor humour

(rather "watery," as the author remarks) will be of genuine interest. For such the author caters—he has made no concessions to the general reader by modernising spelling, introducing punctuation or translating references. Yet these Interludes, intended rather for entertaining a company of guests than for the theatre, *are* alive and readable, the text being practically phonetic, and revealing Heywood's real acting-sense—as one reads, one can *see* the characters in action. We moderns could afford to study such sinewy, plastic dialogue.

S. O. M.

THE PENGUIN SHAKESPEARE. Ed. G. B. Harrison. (*Penguin Books, Ltd., London.* 6d. each vol.).

This series is amazing value. Not only are the plays printed in fine clear *Times* Monotype, a lovely fount, on good paper, but the format adopted is the most practical I have seen, with a clear lay-out on the page, modernised spelling, with due regard for niceties of Elizabethan speech, and a reversion to the original "pointing" and stage directions of the earliest editions, which not only results in interesting revelations of the speaking and staging methods of Shakespeare's own day, but often serve to clear up doubtful points and to make clear the actual rhythms of the lines. The editor, an Elizabethan specialist, whose *Shakespeare at Work* and *Elizabethan Journals* are both fresh and valuable, has brought a care and personal interest to his task that result in glossaries and notes, a Life, a study of the Elizabethan Theatre and a special foreword (including textual criticism) for each play, which are all in admirable perspective, making the period live again for the reader. Full, uncut texts are provided, based, as a rule, on the First Folio, Quarto emendations being made where preferable. As acting editions these are admirable—even blank pages are provided for the reader's notes! If all this reads like a publisher's blurb gamble a sixpence on one of these, the first six plays issued, and see—*Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Henry the Fifth*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. Other titles will follow at regular intervals.

S. O. M.

OTHER TIMES AND PLACES

INDIA REVEALS HERSELF. By Basil Mathews. (*Oxford University Press.* pp. 192. 5s.).

This is the best objective short survey of India and its problems that I have read.

Mr. Basil Mathews is extraordinarily well-informed. His understanding of Indians of all classes is so true, and his description of the Indian scene so vivid, that I found myself transported to the East, while reading his book in a train running into Dublin. My absorption was so great that the outside silence puzzled me when the train stopped. There were no clamorous, gesticulating groups in *dothis*, no shrieking pedlars of sweetmeats, toys, water, and tea, no breast-beating beggars, no importuning taxi-wallahs, and no ragged stampedes to and from carriages, that make every Indian railway station an earthly pandemonium, for the East is never still, and never quiet.

In his three months' visit, Mr. Mathews collected the opinions of the best known types in India: ranging from the outcast to the member of the executive council. His plan of acquiring information was excellent. He was the lucky possessor of some magic passport that gave him entrée to all groups and

classes, and his method was to encourage men of different views to argue matters out for themselves, while he listened in.

The reader is thus happily chaperoned, and his viewpoint made piquant, as without any disturbing comment, he learns the opinions of leaders like Ghandi, Nehru, Tagore, British Provincial Governors, professors, lawyers, doctors, and students, and of numerous political groups from left socialists to hide-bound bureaucrats. Then he is trapped, unless he is a Scotsman and suspends judgment, for he is compelled to assess the terrific and numerous problems that agitate the distressed leaders of a people, who number one-sixth of the population of the globe.

Should the British leave India? If so, what of the highly efficient British services—vast and ameliorative, that have covered India with railways, changed deserts into arable land, and have fought famine, disease, flood, and drought to a degree unknown in any other country, and to such effect that India now adds more than the population of France to her teeming millions, every ten years. And what of the enormous British vested interests?

On the other hand do the exploiting Indian usurers, priests, land and mill owners constitute a graver danger to the people than any foreigner? Then, what is to be done about the fanatical religious bigotry that exists between Moslem and Hindu, and how can one deal with a caste system which brands seventy millions of the same creed as unclean, and whose leaders will actually give sugar to an ant, milk to a snake, and refuse a cup of water to the outcast because every man must work out his own Karma (salvation), and it is offensive to the gods if he is helped?

Other problems are discussed like language revival, State worship, Western education, political prisoners, sacred cows, slums, and the floating population of the big cities, who may be seen any night lying asleep in their thousands on the public footpaths.

Ghandi the Mahatma (living great soul or saint) points to rural reconstruction, and the "Power of the soul," while some of his defective adherents recommend the revolutionary Communistic slogan: "You have nothing to lose but your chains," and Nehru, the new powerful Congress leader, stands firmly for his own brand of socialism.

Nearly all blame Britain. No Indian admits the dreadful lethargy, hopeless incompetence, evils of caste and purdah, and the crippling jealousy of most classes, who, lacking initiative to achieve anything, and with no will to be led to action, backbite and slander any individual or group inclined to rise above their own level.

The author is most sympathetic to Indian aspirations, and rightly so, for untold millions still suffer indescribable poverty and degradation.

Maps, photographs, and some few important statistics would enhance the value of this book, which, as it stands is already a great achievement. For the ordinary reader it is the best and most comprehensive work on India published in recent years.

The concluding chapter alone is worth the small price of 5/—a chapter made richer by a brief description of the new "Project" system of teaching, which should make all educationalists sit up and take notice.

JOHN LUCY

THE RIDDLE OF NAPOLEON. By Raoul Brice. (*Putnam*. pp. vii + 345. 15s.).

The bibliography of Napoleon numbers, it appears, more than forty thousand volumes. No other human being has excited such interest in the minds of

men, caused so much research, or inspired so many studies. This fresh attempt at an elucidation of the manifold complexities of Napoleon's career comes from the pen of a Surgeon Lieutenant-General of the French Army. It has been admirably translated by Basil Creighton. The first portion of the book contains an excellent, though condensed, summary of the leading events in Napoleon's life. It is followed by what is, perhaps, the most interesting portion—the effect of his Corsican origin on his subsequent acts. The author holds that this aspect of Napoleon's life has hitherto been generally ignored, with the consequent failure to understand him properly and to place his actions in their correct perspective. Next comes an able and typically French logical refutation of the "cancer fable," so assiduously propagated by English historians right down to our own day in an effort to exculpate their government from having exposed Napoleon to the deadly influences of a tropical climate and of keeping him there when the bad state of his health was known: in October, 1817, Dr. O'Meara had diagnosed a disease of the liver, and was dismissed from the Navy for his candour; Dr. Stokes, called in to examine Napoleon in January, 1819, confirmed O'Meara's diagnosis and paid the same penalty for his frankness as his predecessor. Small wonder, then, that the unfortunate Emperor could say in his will: "I die a premature death; assassinated by the English oligarchy and its paid cut-throats." To us here in Ireland, aware of how England has, in every generation, hounded the leaders of the nation to the very grave, and then subsidised the scribes and pamphleteers in their campaign of vilification, this story of Napoleon's seems tragically familiar.

The concluding section of the book examines the influences exerted by Napoleon's family, his wives, and the other women who came into his life. It ends on a note of interrogation, confessing the failure to find an answer to the riddle—if riddle there was. To quote General Brice himself: "the common mistake is to forget that he was a man of flesh and blood like any other."

This book will not be popular in the tendentious lecture-rooms of Cambridge, Manchester, or London. The English feared Napoleon. They fear him still, and fearing him detest him. We, however, would profit by a constant and close study of the "Hero-Monster," as Winston Churchill, saturated with his fear-complex, calls him. Now that our energies seem to be diverted towards such objects as Gaelicising the Universities, building new factories, closing ones not quite so new, spelling reform, *et multi alii*, a re-perusal of the St. Helena episode, as told by General Brice, may serve to resuscitate our primary national duty—Anglophobia.

SEAMUS PENDER

FICTION

HIGHLAND RIVER. By Neil M. Gunn. (*The Porpoise Press*. 7s. 6d.).

LIFE IS MY ADVENTURE. By Barbara Mullen. (*Faber and Faber*. 8s. 6d.).

Neil Gunn's reputation as a novelist was made by *Morning Tide*, and is considerably enhanced by his latest book. The earlier novel was a Scottish counterpart of Peadar O'Donnell's *Islanders*; it was not merely that the writers were working on similar material—there were similarities of approach, emphasis and treatment.

In his new novel Gunn returns for his inspiration to a fisher-crofter community living between the hills and the sea. The sea holds a less prominent place in this story than in *Morning Tide*; it is the river, tumbling down from some obscure source in the heather, which runs like a bright thread through the

pattern of this history. For it is a history, a story of the Sutherland's and of all who have lived in that place, wresting a living from the sea and from the arable land along the banks of their Highland river. It is the river which dominates this story, but the link with the sea is ever present—in the huge salmon which Kenn Sutherland captures with his bare hands in the opening chapter, in the frequent silent departures of his father and Angus for the fishing grounds.

Mr. Gunn's method of telling his story is remarkable. It indicates an interesting technical and stylistic development from the direct approach adopted in *Morning Tide*. In *Highland River* a curious detachment is imposed upon the reader; the tale is not unfolded chronologically; there is little development and the general effect is of timelessness. But Mr. Gunn is so completely master of this unusual method that the story never loses urgency and freshness. The style is minutely analytical and there are rhythms and cadences which are reminiscent of Joyce. With all this technical virtuosity, these subtle stylistic achievements, there goes the same rich humanity which leavened his earlier work.

There are certain things outstanding in *Highland River*, notably the description of Kenn's struggle with the salmon and the characterisation of Kenn and of his mother, the latter a magnificent piece of work. But it is essentially the story of a place and the people in it. They are fine people and Mr. Gunn has done them literary justice.

The current craving for autobiography is producing unprecedented activity among literary opportunists. The present avalanche of mediocre autobiography is mainly due to the knowledge that a ready market exists, and betrays no indication of a genuine mass-urge towards self-revelation. Consequently, the qualifications of the would-be autobiographer need not give us pause. To have pushed a pea with your nose from Hollywood to San Francisco, to have ridden a scooter from Cadiz to Vladivostok, to have made an all-time pole-squatting record—these are more trustworthy credentials than a knowledge of human nature and an ability to write.

Miss Mullen's autobiography, written apparently at the age of twenty-one (is this a record?) is just another of them. It gives a circumstantial account of her life in America, of her strained relations with her mother, of her step-dancing act with Catherine Leary, "World's Champion Accordeon Player," and her various doings on the fringe of the Irish-American underworld. The book ends when she returns to Aran to live with her father, Pat Mullen.

The book is simply an objective account of a number of episodes in Barbara Mullen's life. The characters are actual people, but are much less convincingly portrayed than the characters in a well-written novel. There is a lack of perspective, due, no doubt, to the writer's extreme youth. Miss Mullen does not seem to have realised that it is not sufficient merely to write down what happened. All good autobiography employs the method of fiction.

NIAL SHERRIDAN

ROSE FORBES. By George Buchanan. (*Constable*. 7s. 6d.).

In this charming novel there are no heroics, no high lights: the story flows on, like a river, ordinary and authentic, proceeding quietly, in full flood, yet not overflowing its banks.

Although it begins with one seduction and, more or less, ends with another, it is not that kind of book at all; but is as real as though Rose Forbes were telling us her own story. The details, often trivial, do not seem as if they could have been made up.

I have called the book charming. Well, three-quarters of it is charming.

Having the rhythm of life—it must go through its seasons. A sweet and amiable girl, robbed of the weak being she loved, lost her support. For it is in loving (rather than in being loved) that we mortals have strength. Rose gets further and further away from Spring-time, from Spring-time, the only pretty ring-time ; and we age with her. We mourn that she remains childless—that the monotony and futility of her days and nights, for all her courage, resignation, and charity, bring disgrace upon her spirit.

Every character in the story is real and human ; to read it is a vital experience. One feels that nothing has been interpolated here—or left out : the book is like a faithful diary. It seems to be plain statement, without prejudice. Yet if you look into the writing carefully, you perceive that in reality scarcely anything is stated—whereas a very great deal is implied. There is a deep, firm foundation of wisdom that, unmanifest, gives strength and significance to the structure.

The author's previous work, "A London Story," was a Book Society choice. This, too, is a book for everyone to read.

BLANAID SALKELD

LA CAPITANA. By Luis Olveaga. (*Robert Hale*. 316 pp. 7s. 6d.).

Around the story of a *vivandière*, whom circumstances threw among the "Communists" (as are termed Catholic Basque Nationalists and others), is woven a somewhat laboured fabric of atrocities. Were we biassed in favour of the Spanish Government, we should regard the book as offensive and propagandist. We are and we do. Were we capable of literary criticism, as we must pretend to be, we could not share the optimism of the blurb : "Without doubt *La Capitana* is the novel of the moment," but should regard it as second-rate and dull. Whether we are or not, we do.

K.H.

HOME CINEMA

AMATEUR MOVIES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. By Alex. Strasser. (*The Studio*, Ltd. 7s. 6d.).

Pictorial work to be properly explained demands pictures, as being more likely to convey in one glance what would otherwise demand a lengthy and often obscure text. Strasser has now produced a pictorial volume which presents the essentials of film making in the most attractive manner possible. It is the first attempt in an English text at this method of presentation of Film Technique, but the idea is not quite new, as there is the precedent of Hans Richter's "Film Gegner von Heute," which was published in 1929.

The title may suggest to some that the book deals with a special branch of films ; but the principles stressed throughout the volume are the universal principles of Film and make all really good cinematographic work Amateur Movies. Consequently, the book is recommended to any professionals who may, or may not, believe that they are beyond that sort of thing.

Simply and effectively the author deals with the technical side of Film—equipment, lenses, films and filters, focusing and lighting. In the section devoted to the artistic side of Film, the necessity for planning is stressed as well as the special nature of film time and film space. The function of angles and composition are also treated. Choice of subject is dealt with at some length and a final chapter is on cutting, titling and projecting.

The illustrations are an excellent supplement to the text and crystallize the principles referred to by the author. This book is the latest addition to the Studio "How to do it" Series.

L. Ó L.

THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 MAY—15 JUNE.)

DAIL approved of Draft Constitution by 62 votes to 48 ; Mr. de Valera defended provision for military tribunal ; amendment adopted expressly allowing criticism of government policy ; meeting of Dublin journalists viewed with grave concern article dealing with press. Dail dissolved and General Election and Plebiscite fixed for July 1 ; many Election meetings ; Deputy Davin said Labour would " get everything in black and white " before again supporting another party ; meeting of Dublin teachers decided to vote for Labour Party because of non-restoration of salary reductions. Mr. de Valera laid wreath on grave of Wolfe Tone on occasion of annual pilgrimage and army parade at Bodenstown ; independent republicans held pilgrimage following Sunday. At General Assembly in Belfast of Presbyterian Church, Rev. F. O'Neill, outgoing Moderator, paid tribute to tolerance of Catholics in Saorstát and to religious aspects of Draft Constitution. Eyesight of 94,000 school children tested during 1936, 14,000 needing attention. Bishop of Cork at Confirmation condemned liberalism in industry. Fr. E. J. Coyne lecturing to Dublin Bakers' Club said there should be an owners' republic rather than a workers' republic. Employers, employees, union officials and priests joined in meeting of Dublin Tramways Missionary Society. League of Social Justice held meeting in Dublin in commemoration of Encyclicals. 45-hour week introduced for commercial printers in Dublin. Dublin County Council increased roadworkers' wages from 43s. to 48s. At I.T.G.W. Union meeting in Cork, General President said Union had got £250,000 increase in wages for its members during 1936. Preparation of women for home occupations and development in pupils of pride of race stressed at Technical Education Association's 33rd Conference at Clonmel. At exhibition at Dun Laoghaire of work of vocational students it was stated there was difficulty in getting girls to train for domestic service. Castlebar county hospital had no applicant for position of cook at £60 a year. Medical officer in report to Clare hospital prophesied " appalling results for human race " because of women smoking and drinking. Stated in Dail that steps are being taken to discontinue continuous night duty by nurses in local hospitals. St. Vincent de Paul Sunshine workers brought 1,500 Dublin children on day's outing. Dun Laoghaire public meeting requested deputies to raise question of ground rents. David Regensberg, American rabbi on visit to Dublin, said Jews and Irish in America were on friendly terms. In lecture to C.Y.M.S. Convention Fr. D. Fahy alleged serious growth of Freemason and Jewish interests in Ireland. At National University graduates dinner Fr. J. E. Canavan said the graduates were the guardians of the spiritual and intellectual traditions of the nation.

Negotiations for settlement of Dublin building strike broke down. Interim report of Citizens' Housing Council proposed ten-year plan for 30,000 houses and attributed delay to shortage of personnel and supplies and to trade disputes. Chairman of Corporation Housing Committee commented that ten years was too long a period ; in appeal at Rotary Club for settlement Chairman of Housing Council said 140 children had died already because of the hold-up. Freedom of Kilkenny was conferred on Minister O'Kelly on opening 170 new houses ; he opened in Listowel 104 houses, completed in 1934 ; and inaugurated at Limerick local authority scheme for 1,500 houses.

30,000 pigeons released in races from Dublin at opening of 21st Hospitals sweepstake, on Derby : subscriptions were £2,682,000, prizes £1,724,000 and hospital grants £491,000 ; hospitals have now received £11,119,000. New hospital association being formed. Report of St. Anne's cancer hospital, Dublin, referred to shortage of radium but noted satisfactory operation of scheme for return of patients for routine examination. Galway committee decided to build new central hospital in stone instead of concrete. Reported that local authorities have been slow to adopt Town Planning Act. New rural vocational school opened at Adamstown, Wexford, for training for work and recreation. Northern Parliament Budget restored salaries reductions to teachers. Announced in Dail that Erasmus Smith Schools Trust, subject of long controversy and litigation, had been arranged to satisfaction of governors and Department of Education ; letters to press stated that Catholic and other interests had not been consulted. Auctioneers at Dublin meeting expressed dissatisfaction at delay in Auctioneers Bill. Concern expressed at annual meeting of Dublin assurance company at proposed government amalgamation. Bill introduced in Dail to replace Prices Commission by one with wide powers of control. Concluding his speech after election as President of International Labour Conference at Geneva, Minister Lemass said : " Beannacht Dhe ar an obair " ; other Saorstát delegates were J. J. O'Leary, F. M. Summerfield, Sean Campbell and Helena Moloney.

Saorstát foreign trade for April was £5,421,000 reduction on previous month, but increase of £500,000 on April 1936 ; exports of greyhounds now more valuable than those of pigs

THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT—continued

or poultry. Biggest change since 1932 was mentality of investors, said Minister Aiken. 2,593 Registered companies in Saorstát in 1936, net increase of 140. Oilcake mill opened in Drogheda and asbestos cement factory in Athy. Whiskey exports to America greatly increased in February and March. Sea Fisheries Association annual meeting called for tariff on imported fish. Bill introduced in Northern Parliament to subsidise new industries. Saorstát creameries were prize-winners for butter at R.U.A. show at Balmoral.

Successful Feiseanna at Wexford, Roscommon and Monaghan. At meeting of Comhaltas Uladh Bishop of Down and Connor said position of Irish in six-counties was improving. Pattern at Durrow for anniversary of St. Columbkille; Dublin party joined Scottish pilgrimage to Iona. Comhar Dramaoidheachta gave last year 60 performances, with attendance of 3,200; Government refused increased grant. Saorstát Government to present facsimile of Old-Irish manuscript to Pope. Exhibition of rural culture opened in National Museum with collaboration of Folklore Commission and Swedish folk culture missions. Glass collections presented to National Museum by H. Donegan and J. Howe, Cork. Dublin County Council libraries circulate pictures to schools. Film made by Irish company on Blaskets. Academy of Letters awarded Harmsworth Prize to Margaret O'Leary, Casement Prize to Rutherford Mayne, and Gregory Medals to George Russell, Douglas Hyde, Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats. Among art exhibitions were those by E. J. Rogers; Phyllis Godfrey; Sylvia Cooke-Collis; Eileen Coghlan; and Waddington Galleries in Thurles. Paris "Beaux Art" had appreciative article on National Gallery. Keen bidding at auction of art collection of late Canon Dempsey. Among lectures were those by Dr. Flower to Genealogical Society in London; Prof. Edmund Curtis to Society of Antiquarians; Fr. Gabana in provincial towns; Israel Cohen; and in T.C.D. Prof. Adrian, Sir Arthur Slater and Dr. Bodkin. Musical Art Society held orchestral concert in Dublin. "Hungarian Hour" broadcast from Radio Athlone. Gate Theatre company played in Malta after visits to Cairo and Alexandria. Among new plays were "Who Will Remember" by Maura Molloy, and "In the Train," by Frank O'Connor at Abbey; "Light of Ulster" by David Sears at Birr; and "Anything Truth" by Christine Longford at Gate.

Partition was pivot of Anglo-Irish relations, said Mr. de Valera in Dail. In debate on Draft Constitution he said connection with British Commonwealth was maintained by act of parliament and could be altered independently of proposed Constitution. Stated in Commons that British Government were considering the Draft Constitution. At Liberal Party Conference at Brighton Sir Herbert Samuel said they asked new British Government to end their Irish policy. Strong opposition to government proposal for pension and gratuity for ex-Seanascail. Waterford ex-servicemen's message direct to King George VI. acknowledged by Dept. of External Affairs. Farewell party to Alvin Owsley, American Minister transferred to Copenhagen. Julio Ramos appointed Venezuelan consul in Dublin. Among visitors to Mr. de Valera were Peter Heenan, Ontario Minister, and Baron Jagttilaka, Ceylon minister.

Died: Mgr. O'Donnell, Dean of Limerick; C. Mervyn White, motorist, killed at practice for Cork race; Thomas Drumm, 1916 volunteer; Matthew Keating, London, former Irish Party M.P.; Con Daly, Firies, veteran republican; Lord Castletown; T. M. Carey, Journalist; John T. Ryan, famous American supporter of independence movement; Matthew J. Murray, Journalist; Sir Wm. Turner, former Lord Mayor of Belfast.

Scott Medals for bravery presented to Gardai. 52 men and 2 women decorated by St. John's Ambulance in Dublin for blood-transfusion services. Fr. Finbar Ryan, Irish Dominican, appointed Archbishop of Port of Spain; Fr. Sylvester Mulligan, Irish Capuchin, appointed Archbishop of Simla; and Mgr. Ambrose Kelly appointed Bishop of Sierra Leone. Samuel E. Williams, Macroom, appointed adjudicator of Argentina show. French captain sentenced to imprisonment at Headford for illegal fishing. Sentence of year's imprisonment on driver for manslaughter in motor accident. Man condemned to death for Cork murder reprieved. Coroner's jury returned verdict that anti-diphtheria serum infected child with tuberculosis. Military tribunal directed bi-lingual witnesses to speak English "in interests of justice." Another attempt being made to salvage remaining £500,000 worth of gold from "Laurentic" sunk during war off Fanad Head. Mayo Gaelic football team toured America. Indiana visitors took home Irish cattle and sidocar "Irish Banking Magazine" acknowledged "handsome apology" from Lynn Doyle for criticism of bank clerks.

DENIS BARRY

Mussolini, who, if true to his alleged type, would not court publicity, has not sanctioned publication of the details given without good reason. The only good reason that can exist is that, on the information available to him, he is quite convinced of the ultimate victory of the side favoured by himself.

* * *

The resignation of the French Government is only of importance as showing the extent to which M. Blum is unwilling to compromise on his social and financial policy even at the risk of losing the position of exercising the guiding hand in giving that policy practical effect. He resigned, though technically undefeated, on the continued refusal of the Senate, two-thirds of which is composed of members elected long before the elections of 1936 which returned the Popular Front to power, to sanction the grant to him of the full powers which he sought to deal with the financial condition of France. The crisis is the result of two factors, both largely due to the social measures of the Blum Government: the flight of capital from France in an effort to find a safe resting-place abroad, and the decreased productivity over the past year of French industry, owing to the shortening of the working week and the rather short-sighted widespread strike action on the part of the rank and file of M. Blum's supporters. The new French cabinet is, in the representation of the parties, almost the same as that which preceded it, except that the proportion (twelve to nine) between the Socialist and Radical parties has been reversed. That the Popular Front is still the most acceptable party is clear from the heavy defeat suffered in the municipal election, which followed on the resignation of his seat by M. Jacques Doriot, formerly an ardent Communist.

MICHAEL O'NEILL-KING

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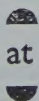
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